What About the Future?

If you wish to prepare yourself for changed conditions after the War, mark and post the coupon opposite NOW

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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 913. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1918. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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Milk is Nature's food for infants—it cannot be improved on. Therefore *begin right* by using

NESTLE'S MILK

which can STILL be sold at the

Cash Price 1/1½ per tin

only because we restricted sales when fresh milk was plentiful, to enable us to supply the public at a low price during the winter, when fresh milk is scarce and dear. In this way, because of the enormous demand, unknown brands in smaller tins or of inferior quality are sold at much higher prices. Insist on Nestlé's, which you can rely on as still

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

Nestlé's, 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

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"Somewhere a voice is calling."

Your home will indeed be sweet with melody and joy if you get a Catesby Gramophone. The tone is pure and resonant and the selection is rendered so distinct and true that the old and the new Patriotic Ballads, Nautical Songs, inspiriting Military Songs or Marches of all the Allies, Operatic Selections, Instrumental Selections, Oratorio and Hymns—all those compositions revered by you—sound so real when rendered by a Catesby Gramophone that they live again. Famous Humorists amuse you, and eminent Ballad Singers sing for you just when you're in the right humour those fine old songs and the popular new ones and the boys on leave or in "Blighty Blue" join in the Chorus. The Old Home and old peaceful times are brought back, and the new times made happier by means of the High-grade Catesby Gramophone and Records. The Gramophone, or well known standard makes of Records, will be delivered at once for a small deposit, then you pay the balance by small instalments. Money back at once if you're not satisfied. Send the Coupon now for Catalogue of Gramophones or of Records.

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as you may the question of saving home expenses, and you feel disappointed with the result. Everything costs more these days, and you are hard pressed. Let us seriously draw your attention to one point where a great deal of money can be saved—we refer to the expenditure on floor coverings. Instead of using oilcloth in your busy rooms, try Cork Lino, for this material wears thrice as long as other floor coverings. Let us send you free samples and prices. We sell on Easy Terms or allow 2½ in the £ discount for cash

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Now that fresh fish is so scarce and dear, try "Jack Tar Tuna." It is a fine firm cutlet of fish tasting like the breast of tender chicken. It keeps indefinitely in the tin, so that you need never worry about fish shortage—all you have to do is to "open a tin of Tuna."

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END OF WINTER SALE OF WITNEY BLANKETS

DIRECT FROM WITNEY. VIEW AND FEEL LOVELY PATTERNS FREE.
Sweeping Reductions. Astonishing Bargains. Do Not Delay.

In this Sale the Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., are offering very large stocks of special goods at remarkably low prices.

The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., has become of world-wide fame for the surpassing value of its blankets. Made in Witney—the famous home of blankets for centuries. Secure the right article and the best—at lowest Sale prices by buying now.

WITNEY BLANKETS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW.

It has been decided by law that only blankets made at Witney may be sold as "WITNEY BLANKETS."

FREE HOME-VIEWING OFFER.

The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., send free to each applicant a parcel of dainty "Miniature Blankets" all patterns, delightfully made and decorated with pretty borders.

The patterns bring forth ejaculations of delight from all. Everyone is charmed with them. They show the exact article in various grades and prices.

"SEE BEFORE BUYING!"

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Everyone who sees the miniature blankets is convinced of the outstanding merits of the **WITNEY BLANKETS** here offered. Send for the patterns to-day by filling in Coupon. Direct from Witney will then come a parcel of absorbing interest, showing best value in blankets. Many testimonials constantly received. Don't miss the exceptional bargains now obtainable. Get the finest warm wool blankets from Witney. Large stock of Army Flannels also now on offer.

A Wealth of Warmth from Witney.

Witney's Warmth is Nature's Warmth. Think of the warming effect of the sheep's coat. Witney Blankets have all this natural warmth.

SENT TO ALL PARTS.

FILL IN COUPON BELOW

For Miniature Patterns and Particulars of

BLANKETS STRAIGHT FROM WITNEY.

To the **WITNEY BLANKET CO., Ltd.**, Bates Cross Works, Witney, Oxfordshire.

Please send me Miniature Blankets in Patterns of Blankets direct from Witney (which I agree to return within FOUR DAYS, the Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., paying carriage both ways), together with the low Sale Prices. Also send particulars of your "**New Blankets for Old**" **Cleaning Offer.**

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Debility, Depression, Weariness.

Worn-out nerves cannot be repaired by any process like less specialised tissues. You must rest and nourish them or lose them altogether. Here are some approved nerve-nutrition formulæ of the phosphorus type, included with others, provided by

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE.

It will pay most nerve sufferers to try one or more of these at their discretion. (Further hints in booklet No. 43. Price 1d.)

SHELL SHOCK, LASSITUDE, WEAKNESS, DEPRESSION. (Formula 417T.)
Phosphorus, Nux Vomica Extract, Dandelion Extract, Pure Lecithin.
In tablets. Dose: 1 or 2 after each meal. Price 1s. 7d. (28) and 2s. 9d. (100).
This formula acts like magic.

TOBACCO, ALCOHOL, AND DRUG ANTIDOTE. (Formula 1,076.)
Quassia, Peppermint, Sugar.
You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs with one of these tablets in your mouth. Many stop craving for tobacco till nightfall. Price 1s. 1½d. (72), 2s. (144).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 81. Price 1d.

URETHRITIS AND BLADDER IRRITATION. (Formula 382.)
Cubebs, Vemex Turpentine, Copaiba Balsam, Calcium Extract, Sweet Nut Root, Podophyllin Root, Formamine.
Dose 1 or 2 pills thrice daily. Liberates formalin, possesses germicidal and soothing properties. Used in Cystitis and Prostatitis.
Price 1s. 1½d. (50), 2s. (100) and 5s. 9d. (300).
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RASH, PUSTULAR ERUPTIONS, ULCERS, SWOLLEN GLANDS, SORES. (Formula 393.)
(Deeper Seated Blood Impurities.)
Potas., Soda, Iron, Quinine, Mercury, Iodide, Mercuric Chloride, Nux Vomica, Stillingia, Jacaranda, Sarsaparilla.
In tablets, 1s. 1½d. (36), 2s. 9d. (144), 5s. (432) with directions.
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 62. Price 1d.

FORCED MARCH JOBS. (Formula 393.)
Will help you over the stile.
Nux Vomica, Lecithin, Coca, Kola.
In pills. Price 2s. 6d. (36) and 5s. 6d. (100). With directions.

UNSIGHTLY SKIN, PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ALOPECIA (BALD PATCHES). (Formula 389.)
Mercury Perchl. Creosote, Pine Oil, Ointment.
To be applied night and morning. Price 1s. 3d. and 2s.

LOSS OF WEIGHT, THINNESS, RICKETS, NERVOUSNESS. (Formula 562.)
(A Nerve and Flesh Builder.)
Zinc Phosphide, Lecithin, Calcium Hypoph., Soda Hypoph., Potas Hypoph., Quassia, Sugar.
Dose: 1 to 2 tablets with meals. Children may take half-tablet.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d. (36) and 2s. 9d. (144), 5s. (432).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 37. Price 1d.

HEART, NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC. (Formula 382.)
Nux Vomica Extract, Digitalis, Gentian Extract, Dandelion Extract. In pills.
Dose: 1 or 2 pills, after meals.
Price: 1s. 1½d. (36 pills), 2s. 9d. (144 pills).

SALLOW COMPLEXION, BLACK HEADS, PIMPLES, DULL EYES. (Formula 442—improved.)
(A Complexion Tonic.)
Charcoal, Dried Sulph., Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica Extract, Gentian Extract.
In tablets, 1s. 1½d. (72), 2s. (144), 5s. 9d. (432).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 36. Price 1d.

WAR-BREAD INDIGESTION,

Atonic Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Constipation.

Undoubtedly the substitute we purchase for bread is responsible for an abnormal amount of indigestion and associated ailments. Booklet No. 44 (price 1d.) contains a selection of formulas useful for typical cases. Here are some:

SICKNESS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS. (Formula 2,888.)
Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of Bowel indigestion. Useful in the home or in the soldier's knapsack.
Belladonna, Aloes, Capsicum, Pale Olive Oil, Soft Soap.
With directions. 1s. 1½d. (144) or 2s. 9d. (432 pills).

DYSPEPSIA, HEARTBURN, WIND, AND CONSTIPATION. (Formula 893.)
Contains Nature's digestive juices.
Pepsin, Malt Extract, Diastase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.
In tablets. Dose: 2 with meals. 1s. 1½d. (72) and 2s. (144).

PILES, HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. (Formula 394.)
Cascara, Nux Vomica, Belladonna, and Gentian.
With directions. Price 1s. 1½d. (36 pills), 2s. 9d. (144 pills).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 39. Price 1d.

ATONIC DYSPEPSIA, WITH CONSTIPATION. (Formula 389.)
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With directions. Price 1s. 1½d. (36), 2s. 9d. (144 pills).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 37. Price 1d.

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(Acid Dyspepsia and Gastric Catarrh.)
Bismuth Carbonate, Soda Bicarbonate, Magnesia Carbonate, Carminatives.
In 5-grain tablets. Neutralises acidity and removes the feeling of fulness in acid indigestion. Non-purgative.
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INTESTINAL FERMENTATION AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA (THE CARBOLIC CURE). (Formula 284.)
Medicinal Carbolic, Nux Vomica, Rhubarb, Capsicum, Gentian.
Non-purgative, tonic, antiseptic.
With directions. Price: 1s. 1½d. (72) and 2s. (144 pills).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 50. Price 1d.

SLEEPLESSNESS, IRRITABILITY,

Palpitation, Hot Flushes, Headache.

Drug-taking to procure sleep is often unwise, but there are yet times when this is the safe course to pursue. One or two useful prescriptions are here given. (Booklet No. 64 explains. Price 1d.)

INSOMNIA WITH NEURALGIA OR HYSTERIA. (Formula 22.)
Lupulin, Scullcap, Valerin, Gentian Asafœtida.
Dose: 1 or 2 at bedtime. In pills. Price 1s. 1½d. (25), 2s. 9d. (100).

GENERAL INSOMNIA. (Formula 475.)
Chloral Hydrate, Potassium, Bromide, Opium, Hyoscyamus.
In pills. Dose: 1 or 2 at bedtime. Contains standard remedies. Price: 2s. 6d. (36), 7s. 6d. (144).

NEURASTHENIA AND GOUTY IRRITABILITY. (Formula 478.)
Lithium, Bromide, Lupulin, Potassium Bicarbonate.
In tablets. With directions. Price 2s. 6d. (36), 10s. (144).

PAINS IN LIMBS AND JOINTS, STIFFNESS, SWOLLEN TOES AND FINGERS. (Formula 74.)
(Rheumatic Gout and Arthritis.)
Colchicum Extract, Blue Pill, Comp. Rhubarb Pill, Extract Hyoscyamus, Mahogany Bitter.
Useful in Rheumatic Gout, Sciatica, and certain forms of Arthritis. With directions.
Price 1s. 1½d. (50), 2s. (100), 5s. 9d. (300).
Send top of the above prescriptions may be obtained extra) from

Mr. Wm. SHADFORTH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST (Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)
36 (Dept. J.B.10), GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E. 3.

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Quick, safe and effective. Of Chemists & Stores in 1/- & 2/6 boxes.
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Best Gift for the TROOPS

Prices: Nickel 1/3, silver-plated 1/3, Silver 5/-. Paper tubes 1,000 2/10; 500 1/-, post free. Spare supply 1s. 3d. waiting.

KNIGHT'S VITA (Dept. J.), Elmhill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

Shorthand

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Sloan-Duployan Headquarters Dept. 30, Ramsgate.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIII. No. 613. Week ending Saturday, March 2nd, 1918. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

German Official.

This paragraph has recently appeared in the principal German papers: "During a recent air raid on London, the printing machinery and paper of Horatio Bottomley's bellicose weekly paper, JOHN BULL, were destroyed, and it can no longer be published." Which is manifestly untrue. All the same, where is the Postal Censor?

Ireland.

Our worst fears are confirmed. The Convention is dead. It was doomed from the first. Poor Ireland! Now for *our* plan.

Tino's Trousers.

Who gave that Permit to a special messenger to convey two trunks of new clothes from a West-End tailor to King Tino? *And who paid for the clothes?*

Anchor Badges.

Why not ask the holders of these ridiculous Yapp badges—which were sent out by the million—to return them to the Ministry of Munitions? Mr. Churchill could put them to practical use.

The Paper Waster.

And, by the way, who was responsible for the issue of the necessary Priority Certificate for the manufacture of these "anchors"? Was it the legal gentleman who is pilloried by the recent Report as the great paper waster? And was the cost of these silly things included in the official figure of the expenses of the campaign?

"Shot at Dawn."

Our article under this heading last week has set the whole country ablaze, and already good has resulted. Upon another page we make further revelations. *Apropos*, one correspondent observes: "The Australian Army fights none the worse for not being subject to a death penalty."

A Technical Difficulty.

When attention was called, in Parliament, to our story of the tragedy, Mr. J. H. Thomas asked for the production of the evidence taken at the Court Martial. And what do you think was the official reply? "No one is allowed to see the proceedings except with the consent of the person tried—and the extraordinary technical difficulty arises that the man is dead." Technical difficulty be damned!

"Why Not?"

Such was the query of "an Hon. Member," when Mr. Bonar Law stated that "as far as he was aware," the Editor of this journal had not been asked to undertake the post of Director of Propaganda. Some day we may answer that question.

Independent Candidates.

We are getting together a nice list of men prepared to stand on independent, Business Government lines at the next Election. The Party hacks, we can assure them, will no longer have it all their own way.

War Bread.

Really it is time this noxious and injurious concoction were abolished. Offals and "flour improvers" (which often contain a large percentage of Epsom salt!) are not the stuff to win the war on. Why not make it compulsory to use at least 75 per cent. of potatoes?

Swopping Horses.

We are not prone to platitudes, but when we reflect that during the past few months the Government have lost the services of both Jellicoe and Robertson—well, we can't help thinking of that maxim.

Lord Derby.

Thank goodness, we've kept Lord Derby—the most human War Secretary of modern times; and the best friend of the soldier.

Owing to the disorganisation of our printing arrangements, due to the recent serious fire, this journal is at present being produced under great difficulty, and the indulgence of our readers is requested.

Those Golden Kippers.

Following the disappearance of Brer Rabbit comes the vamoose of the Kipper—twelve van loads of which were recently removed to that Bermondsey Cold Stores—to keep company with the 700,000 rabbits already there!

Pretty Dears!

H.M. Office of Works are advertising for Tenders for "Hanging Mirrors." You see, there are so many lady clerks now engaged in Government Departments—and how *can* they do their work unless they are sure their hair is straight?

A Complaints Department.

Congratulations to Lord Rhondda on having established a special Complaints Department at the Ministry of Food—and also upon the practical men he has placed in control of it.

That Flyer.

Major the Rt. Hon. Sir John Simon, P.C., K.C., M.P., R.F.C., flew to the House of Commons. When does he fly back to France? Is he legal adviser to the Royal Flying Corps at the Front, or not? If he is, what is he doing at Westminster?

"Pleasure Horses."

What idiot was responsible for the issue of that photograph showing half-a-dozen members of the Royal Family on horseback?

A Secret Meeting.

So Mr. Asquith has been addressing a secret meeting of "Liberal Agents." No wonder the meeting was secret. No decent person publicly talks of Party matters in these days.

A Straight Tip.

We note that M. Litvinoff, the Bolshevik "Ambassador" to Great Britain, who has been impudently preaching revolution, has had notice to quit his "Embassy" premises. Let His Majesty's Government please note and do likewise! We have had enough of this poisonous business. Russia to-day is our enemy.

We beg to Ask—

Who is exporting pedigree Hereford bulls to South Africa? Lord Rhondda should promulgate an Order extending the prohibition, which at present refers only to exports to the Channel Islands and Ireland.

The Royal Farms.

We recently called attention to an advertisement for a married couple—"no children." We are now assured that this stipulation was due entirely to lack of accommodation, and that it in no way applies to the conditions of employment on the Windsor farms—which we are glad to hear.

The Law *Is* "A Ass"!

The other day a Mrs. Ellen Hinde, of Shipton-under-Wychwood, Oxfordshire, was fined £50 and £10 costs for hoarding tea—the magistrates deciding that tea *is* a food. A day or two later, Sir Carl Meyer was acquitted, at Saffron Walden, on a precisely similar charge, the Bench holding that tea is a beverage and not a food. However, Lord Rhondda has settled it—tea, according to "Dora," is food.

Base Hospitals.

Our Special Commissioner has now returned from France, and his report upon the conditions prevailing at the Base Hospitals—especially in reference to the treatment of relatives of wounded soldiers—will be published without delay.

Hint to Admiralty.

How was the *Aragon* sunk? We ask the question and could supply the answer—but forbear. Perhaps the Admiralty will take the hint and make inquiries.

The Turpin Shell.

In the early days of the war it was reported that M. Turpin had invented a shell that killed at a certain distance by concussion, and details were given of its effect on the enemy. What has become of that shell?

Capital and Labour.

We understand that a big project is on foot with the object of bringing about a better understanding between Capital and Labour, by combining both interests in a great British Commonwealth Union. *That* is the kind of thing required.

In Memoriam.

Mr. S. M. Thompson, of 54, Gracechurch Street, E.C., revives the suggestion that every building which the Huns have bombed and where anyone has been killed should bear a memorial tablet to this effect: "To the Memory of ———. Murdered by the Accursed Huns." A good idea.

A Hun Outrage.

We should be glad to know what disciplinary action, if any, has been taken against the Hun officer prisoner-of-war who, while out for a walk under escort in the neighbourhood of Bishop's Lydeard, was guilty of an unprovoked assault upon an inoffensive villager. Such scum should be taught their manners with no uncertain hand.

'Baccy Rations?

Many small tobacconists get their stock from tobacco merchants, who also run retail shops of their own. These merchants are beginning to hold up stock, especially cigarettes, away from their old customers, the small men, so as to hoard it for their own shops. They have done so in Dublin; maybe elsewhere. We invite the tobacco manufacturer so to regulate supplies as to ensure that the middle-men shall supply old customers on the basis of their former orders.

Brighton Awake.

Our revelations about the employment of Germans and the sacking of Britons at the Brighton Gas Works have had results. The gas workers gave notice that they would cease work, but entered into conference with the Government and the Company. It was arranged to postpone the strike, to withdraw the German prisoners at once, to endeavour to obtain British labour at the Exchange, and to discuss any employment of prisoners at a future conference. Good!

Pictures for Prisoners.

If anybody says we are not kind to the enemy, he tells a whopper. Consider this, addressed to a London film company, from Knockaloe Prisoners' Camp, Isle of Man: "I shall be pleased to receive your list of subjects, and price for three days' hire. I could do regular bookings." As the Managing Director of the film company has served in France, he is not doing business with "W. Schlesinger, Camp Cinema," the writer of that letter. Do the Huns provide our boys who are prisoners with Cinema shows?

Short-Legged Kicks.

At Warrenpoint, a disabled soldier named Woods, of Rostrevor, was charged with assaulting policeman and sentenced to a month's hard labour. Woods joined up at the start of war, and was discharged wounded. For being drunk he was, in 1916, fined, but he joined the Tank Corps, was again wounded and discharged with a short leg. The night after he arrived home, policeman in the street mentioned that fine, and Woods said he would not pay it. He alleged a spite against him and resisted arrest. Two men said he kicked them, but no marks were on view. It seems to us that old fine might well have been forgotten in the fact of the hero's services.

Living on the Inmates.

A peculiar inducement is offered in the advertisement for a porter at the Charterhouse, Hull. It is not the salary—25s. with rooms, but without food; it is the added suggestion that the lucky man's "wife might earn money amongst inmates." In what way she is to set about collecting surplus coins is not indicated, but the poor inmates are hers to "sub" upon at her own sweet will and pleasure. The intimation, "no room for children," does not improve the advert.

No Salvage for Tugs.

There is prize money for some, but no reward for H.M. Tugs when they salve a torpedoed vessel. In one case, a steamer had been abandoned; four tug-men volunteered to get a hawser aboard during a stormy night, and the vessel was brought safe into port, instead of going to the bottom. In peace time the salvage which would have been received by these gallant tug-men would have been one-third of value, but now no salvage is paid because the vessel was on Government service. It does not sound like serving all alike.

Starving Horses.

Confirming what we recently said, Mr. J. Crawford, Secretary of the Manchester Team Owners' Association, writes to one of the local papers that "many horses in Manchester are starving; more are working on short rations." In London it is pitiful to see the poor beasts pulling their cruel loads along the streets. Lord Rhondda or no Lord Rhondda, the working horse, like the working man, is entitled to a more substantial ration than he is getting, even if Belgravia and Mayfair have to do with less.

The Fault and the Threat.

An Arundel woman made an application for a Ration Paper, on a form obtained from the P.O. Receiving no reply, after a while she made inquiries at the same P.O., and as it was assumed her application had gone astray, she was advised to apply again, and did so. The result was a letter from the Ministry of Food noting that she had made two applications for Ration Papers, and that she was liable to a fine of £100 and six months' imprisonment. And all because of official delay!

Two Grievances.

It is a curious Tribunal, that of Chester County. The appeal of a tallyman, a son of an unnaturalised Austrian, was allowed, because "they did not want any grievance in the matter." The appeal of a Britain was refused, the man not to be called up before 1st of April—whereupon he cried, "It's a rotten shame." And Alderman Dawson remarked, "We can make it the 1st of March if you are going to be impudent." Being only British, any grievance in his case was quite immaterial.

Official Sloth.

When the housewife finds the fishmonger's slab empty, she wonders why. The reasons of course are manifold. Here is the sort of thing that happens. At Wick a useful motor fishing boat is held up for three weeks on account of some trouble with its ball-bearings. These can be renewed only with an official permit, and Government Offices transact business of this sort at the pace of a lively snail. Meanwhile, the little fishes deport themselves in the deep blue sea instead of lying in state at Billingsgate. A small matter, of course, but it's the "nickle makes the muckle" where famine is concerned.

Condescension from the Vicarage.

Mrs. Reeves, of Walsingham Vicarage, Norfolk, is anxious to secure a Good Plain Cook. Such is her condescension that she has the placid effrontery to announce, "Soldier's wife not objected to." It is quite on the cards that Mrs. Reeves imagined herself nice and thoughtful when she penned that sentence, and may be surprised to learn how very much it is resented by these soldiers' wives to whom she is good enough not to object.

First Place for the Discharged.

It is suggested that the Food Control Office at Rochdale has been mainly staffed by women at good salaries, although there are some 200 ex-service men in the town unable to find suitable employment. The situation is not peculiar to Rochdale, and it is high time public bodies and officials were alive to the fact that their first duty is to the men who have fought and are out.

Not the Vicar.

In the matter of that dance at Southminster, and the order that "No married lady whose husband was at the front" would be admitted, we are assured by the Vicar that the prohibition did not come from him. He tells us that the order was issued, three weeks before the dance, by the military authorities. Whoever those warriors may be, they appear to have hurt the feelings of a number of good ladies by an insinuation quite uncalled for.

Getting Fat on the War.

The Salford ratepayers will be pleased. The Borough Council, which is safe from an election for the present, has just made the following increases: Borough Engineer, £900 to £1,100; Borough Treasurer, £740 to £1,100; Electrical Engineer, £1,000 to £1,250; Gas Engineer, £850 to £1,250; Medical Officer of Health, £680 to £1,000; Town Clerk, £950 to £1,400; Chief Constable, £540 to £800; Tramways Manager, £500 to £750. It afterwards passed a resolution that the Government should be asked to look into the question of war-bonuses! We hope the Government will take its advice.

Poison In Print.

We do not know the opinion of the Home Office concerning these words:—"Organised Labour must . . . throw its whole heart and soul into a 'Peace Offensive.' Labour must never allow a Spring Offensive with the loss of anything over half a million lives for the sake of satisfying the greedy appetite of the so-called democratic rulers who misrule us." They appear in a newspaper over the signature of E. P. Harries, Hon. Sec., Labour Party. He is of military age, his Labour Party is about twelve months old, he works in Pembroke Dockyard, draws his extra 12½ per cent., and is now a full-blown J.P.

Crocks—and After.

J. E. Meakin, of 80, Napier Road, East Ham, late a private in the 1/11 T.R. Battalion, has one leg 3¼ inches shorter than the other, owing to an operation, in which his left knee-cap was removed, "also the muscles from the knee to the hip." Three times he was called up and three times rejected. Last May, however, he was passed and pushed into the Army. After a few weeks' service he was thrown out again as unfit, his position gone, his actual wage loss £50, his home broken up—and all he has received from the Pension Committee, he says, is £5. If he worries them a bit, they may give him as much as another half-a-crown.

The Canteen Scandal.

Unpleasant reports continue to reach us in regard to the administration of Army Canteens. As far as the bar hands are concerned, extremely short service seems to be the rule and it is curious that nearly all the discharged men give, as the reason for dismissal, having protested unwillingness to "interfere with the beer." We may return to the subject before long.

Why Not Older Men?

The National Education Board, Ireland, purely a Government Department, advertised for four junior Inspectors, their ages to be between 23 and 35; in the case of Primary Teachers, from 23 to 30. Ireland has been blamed for its slackness in recruiting, but when Government offers civil vacancies to men of military age, it is not surprising to hear there were 400 applicants.

Funny Tarver.

At Burton-on-Trent the Bench of Magistrates, with the Mayor in the chair, fined the firm of George Tarver and Sons, tailors and outfitters, £70 for paying their work-girls below the rates fixed by the Tailoring Trade Board. But the defendants are great humorists. They instructed their lawyer to state that the girls hadn't complained, and so they hadn't noticed the under-payments, which in some cases started in July, 1915, and amounted in one instance to £26 7s. 10d. No doubt the girls were pleased to get anything.

Catterick Camp.

In addition to other distinctions of the notorious Catterick Camp, the Wesleyan Institute is selling pipes made in Austria for the exasperation of British soldiers. As this camp is within a stone's throw of an Internment Camp for the enemy, this is one of the things which will tend to convince them that, war or no war, we can't get on without 'em.

Railway Buffet Profiteering.

How is it that, whether there's a war or whether there isn't, the railway traveller is always marked down as a legitimate object of banditry by the station buffeteers? Spiers and Pond's on the L.S.W.R. is neither better nor worse than the rest—eightpence or ninepence for little more than a thimbleful of waterworks whisky, and sixpence for a small glass of beer, about three glasses to the pint. Can anybody tell us why the public should be imposed upon to placate pumpuritans?

The New-Made Mother.

When food rations were graded by the Controller he made allowances for the needs of labour, but he totally overlooked the woman in labour. The expectant mother, and the mother of the new-born babe, need more than the bare dole of the ordinary person, and should be able to secure a permit from the local Food Office. The point is so very urgent and so unanswerable that it should be dealt with at once.

Here's a Health!

From a Redhill lady: "While the young married women are away working on munitions, the grandmothers of England are in hundreds of thousands of cases making it possible for them to do their work with a serene mind, by taking all the responsibility of the young children on their shoulders. So I leave it to you, dear John, to call attention to the grandmothers of England." The which we hereby do, with a thrill in our hearts. Here's to the grandmothers of England! May they get a medal, or a badge, or a war bonus, or something.

Dogs in Danger.

Once again the red light is out for the friend of man. Signs in various quarters indicate that another effort is being made by the anti-doggites to kill off dogs wholesale by the simple means of imposing a double tax on their owners. Some members of the Somerset County Council have tried, but failed, to commit the Council to a resolution of this kind. The alleged justification is the conservation of the food supply; but most dogs are worth a bit of war ration.

In Germhuny.

There are very few dogs in Germhuny now, so we are told. That is probable; but there are a lot of curs about.

£1,000 Easter Egg.

This week's "Bull's" First Prize is increased to £1,000, whilst there are over 10,000 other prizes.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G., Secretary of State for War.

DEAR LORD DERBY,—I am receiving complaints in regard to the extraordinary delay arising in the administration of soldiers' estates. Frequently, the young war-widow has months to wait before she can handle the money of which her gallant husband has died possessed; and where, as too often happens, there is equal delay in the grant of the widow's pension, a position of serious financial hardship is very apt to arise. So please look into the matter, and see what can be done. JOHN BULL.

To W. M. Huntbach, Esq., Coroner for Hanley.

SIR,—I was glad to read your summing-up at the inquest on the body of Louisa Carter, the wife of a soldier on active service. I share your indignation that the Army authorities, acting on slanderous rumour that the poor woman was leading a loose life, should have taken away a part of her allowance. With you, I am glad the post-mortem evidence proved that, despite the temptation of her straitened means, she had kept straight. But is that the end of it? Aren't you going to carry the matter further, and get the officials responsible punished? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. T. C. Crowther, Marshall Street, Sheffield.

DEAR MR. CROWTHER,—I am disappointed in you as a man and a father. In the first place, it was an absurd and unnatural proceeding to drag your 13-year-old boy to the police-court on a charge of stealing a pound or so of your money. Then, again, I am bound to attach weight to the statement of the Magistrates that, "whilst the father was well dressed, his son looked like a ragamuffin"—from which, and from other circumstances, the Bench inferred that the unfortunate lad was "more sinned against than sinning." On the whole, you seem to have done a good deal less than your duty by the boy. Pull yourself together! JOHN BULL.

To Alderman F. Scott, J.P., Mayor of Liscard.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—You were in the chair at the Liscard Police Court the other day when a local coal-merchant was charged with permitting a horse to be ill-used. The case was a bad one—it could hardly have been worse. Yet you fined the defendant only 20s., although four years ago he was fined 40s. for a similar offence. I suppose when next he appears, you will make him a grant from the Borough Funds to meet the fine. JOHN BULL.

To Frank Weaver, Farmer, Little Green, Bromington.

SIR,—Because you are not a Hun, you seem to think you can insult a soldier's wife almost with impunity. And, by Heaven, you have almost provedit! Mrs. Griffiths, a poor brave woman who eke out her separation allowance by teaching, came to you for milk for her little children, and you refused her; and when most properly she brought the authorities on your track, you threatened her and insulted her with vile language. Though the Bench said your conduct was disgraceful, they let you off practically scot free. You were lucky. But, if I were you, I should keep out of the way when Griffiths comes home. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. N. Pickford, Farnham, Surrey.

DEAR PARSON,—I am sure your parishioners will be deeply grateful to you for your timely hints as to how they should cook their dinners and manage their children—matters upon which you seem to speak with a high and serene authority. I suppose your statement that "if mothers would use their brains in their cooking, they could do much better" is not to be taken in its literal sense, although I am bound to say that as a figure of speech it strikes me as being quite unnecessarily offensive. However, a single lapse may be forgiven, and I have no doubt that in a general way you are a wonderful stand-by to the mothers of Farnham. How fond they must be of you! JOHN BULL.

To Frederick William Shann (ex-King's Royal Rifles), Hull, Yorks.

SIR,—I agree with what the Hull Magistrate said in probationing your wife, charged with some petty theft or other not described in the account before me. Nineteen years in the Army, two years in the present war, fought at Mons and Ypres, wounded on the Aisne, blinded in one eye, discharged with an excellent character—that is your sacrificial record in blood and service. And what have the Army authorities done for you? Nothing. You are not the first, and frankly I don't believe you will be the last by any means, who has fought and bled for your country, to be treated with this shameful, indecent, outrageous ingratitude. I won't say, in charity to my fellow creatures, that on the evidence the Ministry has not a soul to be saved, but it undoubtedly has a body which ought to be kicked. JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Arthur Carlton, Mayor of Worcester.

SIR,—I am glad to note that the Home Office has given you and the rest of the Worcester Watch Committee a very sound rap over the knuckles in that matter of ex-Inspector Smith, to which I drew public attention as long ago as last October. Smith misappropriated allowances made by the City Council to the dependents of two members of the Forces—a despicable crime—and your Committee failed to prosecute. As the Home Secretary in consequence withheld his certificate of the efficiency and the discipline of your police force, there was nothing for it but attendance at Whitehall, in the white sheet of repentance—otherwise Worcester would have lost some thousands of pounds. You all had to confess that your treatment of Smith was "far too lenient, having regard to the serious offence which he had committed." You have got your certificate, but I would advise you and the Watch Committee to be a little more watchful of the honour of Worcester in the future. JOHN BULL.

"SHOT AT DAWN."

FURTHER AMAZING REVELATIONS—A CALLOUS ACT.

OUR story of the young officer of the Royal Naval Division who was tried and shot in circumstances which in our opinion have cast the gravest suspicion on Court-Martial methods, has evoked the greatest public interest. In telling that story, with such information as was at our disposal, we were scrupulously careful not to overstate anything in favour of the accused. But now that the case has been raised in the House of Commons, and the Under-Secretary for War has promised to "see the proceedings," and, "consistently with his duty, and with the law, explain to the House the real facts of the case," we propose to throw some further light on the criminal callousness of the methods employed. And here let us say that a mere examination of the "proceedings" will not satisfy us—the whole of the circumstances preliminary to and after the trial should form the subject of a special Inquiry. Assuming, as we naturally did, that in spite of the disgraceful insufficiency of the time allowed the "Prisoner's Friend" to study the case, the ordinary procedure was followed when the verdict had been arrived at, we wrote: "The boy knew of the sentence of death, but he also knew of the recommendation to mercy."

A Terrible Awakening.

If our later information is correct—and we have good reason for trusting the source—*he had not the faintest idea that he had been found guilty, even with a recommendation to mercy, until 7.45 p.m. the night prior to his execution, when an officer stepped into the room and read the warrant.* Here is a young fellow with the shadow of death hanging over him for days, and he pitifully ignorant of his awful fate. He was allowed to live on in the belief that the worst that could befall him was the loss of his commission. We repeat, the foulest murderer who ever did to death an innocent victim is given the right of appeal; and, that appeal failing, is allowed such interval of time as Christian humanity can suggest before he passes from this world into the Unknown. Not so this young officer. Barely twelve hours between learning his fate and facing the firing party! And here is another point—which no examination of the "proceedings" will reveal to the Under-Secretary for War. We understand the Prisoner's Friend did see his "client" before that meeting half an hour in advance of the trial, but in what circumstances? He saw him in his billet on Christmas Day—the trial was on Boxing Day—but at that time he did not possess the Summary of Evidence, nor was the accused able to tell the exact charge on which he was to be arraigned the next day. It was not until half an hour before the Court-Martial opened that the defending counsel was handed the Summary of Evidence—that taken at the preliminary hearings when the accused was undefended—and not until he actually entered the Court did the Deputy Judge Advocate General hand him the Charge Sheet which revealed the alternative charge of "conduct subversive of good order and military discipline."

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A BLACKGUARD "PASTOR."

REVOLTING CHARGES OF CHILD NEGLECT.

"Pastor" Charles Black, of the "Liverpool Charity Relief Mission," is an impudent impostor, whose name is a clue to his nature. A few weeks ago Black and his wife were prosecuted at the Liverpool Police Court, at the instance of the R.S.P.C.C., for the wilful neglect of a fourteen-year-old girl, an inmate of the "Children's Home" which is the rascal's special hobby. According to the lady doctor who had examined the unhappy child, "she found her suffering from a verminous head, which was so bad that parts of the scalp were quite raw. There were sores on the back of the neck, and she had also enlarged glands, caused by neglect. She had a bad cold, and was scantily clothed, her garments being filthy." The fines of £10 imposed upon each defendant were absurdly inadequate.

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"THIS WAY TO THE CEMETERY."

MAN JOINING UP JUST IN TIME FOR FUNERAL.

The widow of Private Peter Yaros, No. 1,061, 39th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, stationed at Plymouth, has during the last few days undergone the heartbreaking experience of bringing home to Nottingham, from where he was enlisted, the body of her husband. For some years Yaros had needed constant medical attention, she tells us, for "chronic bronchitis and acute exhaustion." He presented his doctor's certificate to this effect before the Medical Examining Board, who ignored it and passed him B2, "with the result that the sudden arduous training and exposure brought about the attack of pneumonia which proved fatal" in a Plymouth Military Hospital "just one month from the date of his joining up."

It needs no imagination to picture the feelings of the widow and her children at the wanton waste of this man's life. The old Medical Boards enlisted many and many a man only to fill beds in hospitals and graves in cemeteries; and it is too much to hope that the new Medical Boards, many of them the old gang in muffi, will prevent frequent recurrence of the tragedy. It is beyond doubt that, with all the changes under National Service recruiting, the Army authorities still employ for the medical examination of recruits doctors who are either insufficiently conscientious and competent in the performance of their duties, or who are utterly callous.

"NO SOLDIER NEED APPLY."

THE MONS MEDAL BUT NO WORK.

Ex-Private Christopher Carroll enlisted in 1914, served 2 years and 295 days and was discharged with excellent character last August, suffering from malaria contracted in the Far East. Finding himself much improved in health, he was anxious to supplement his pension of 13s. 9d. a week by way of keeping body and soul together. He knocked at many doors in Ireland; the answer made or hinted at was "No Soldier Need Apply." This is bad, but not the worst, for he tells us that "there are at present in this town of Ballina (Co. Mayo), about twenty discharged soldiers who are willing to do anything. They are practically starving and have hardly a coat to their back. Their pensions vary from 16s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. Three or four of them received the Mons Ribbon to wear last week. They simply smiled. They would go to munitions to-morrow, but they have no money for their fares. As for the local Labour Exchange, it is about as big a farce as ever. I saw."

There are men for jobs—many of them; are there jobs for the men? If so, what's the matter with the Minister of Labour? Is he in touch with the Minister of National Service, and is the Minister of National Service in touch with the Minister of Munitions? It ought to be somebody's business—his whole and sole business, perhaps—to place every discharged soldier of good character, capable of doing national service, in the service of which he is capable. Whose job is it? That's what we want to know. If it is nobody's job, why isn't it? If a British soldier is no longer able to participate in the world slaughter, then the Government seem to think they can knock off duty when they have given him enough pension to stand at ease, or step four paces to the rear in order to save funeral expenses.

THE WHITLAND CASE.

£16 A YEAR TO INSPECT AREA OF 50,000 ACRES.

There has been a great outburst of popular indignation in regard to the appointment of the Food Inspector for Whitland, Carmarthenshire. As far as the young unmarried man who, as we recently stated, was appointed to the post, is concerned, but little blame can be attached to him. He is not in the high physical category stated by the local Press, being merely a Class C3 man, but it is felt that a great opportunity was missed of placing in remunerative employment someone who by his conduct in the field and the honourable wounds he had sustained, deserved well of his countrymen.

Doubtless it is true that it had not been decided to give the appointment to Mr. T. Rees Davies before the vacancy was advertised, but it is nevertheless the fact that, when the appointment was under discussion, the Clerk to the District Council stated that "he had some applications for the post"—the inference clearly being that someone or other "in the know" had spoken to friends of the desirable opportunity, and they had lost no time in stealing a march on outsiders. It is regrettable, too, that, in response to the advertisement for applications "stating salary required," a civilian such as Mr. Davies—well connected, being the son of the Surveyor to the Council, and so comfortably situated that he can apparently afford to act as the assistant to his father without remuneration—should have tendered for the post at the ridiculous salary of £16 a year, the area to be inspected covering nearly fifty thousand acres—some portions of it very difficult of access, one district, indeed, being eight miles from the office and without railway communication. Against this absurd figure no man who had to live on the job, or even to seek in it a means of supplementing a niggardly pension, could possibly compete. We willingly acquit Mr. Davies personally of any blame in the matter, and regret that, owing to a series of mistakes in the local Press, he in some respects did him less than justice.

THE RESULT OF THE "SITTING."

THE VULTURE COMES OUT OF HIS SHELL.

AN ANCIENT SCANDAL.

KIDNAPPING FROM INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

If there is still an official Whitewasher to the Home Office, that gentleman may find continued scope for his energies in a familiar field. It is a long time since we first attacked the great Industrial School Scandal; yet, apparently, the wretched evil is still rife. Take a single illustration. Ten years ago two unfortunate children, Francis and Robina Shields, were ordered away to Industrial Schools for the "crime" of failing to arrive at school punctually every morning. Four years later, the boy came home—purged, let us hope, of his vicious proclivities. But no one heard of the girl. Her mother was in ignorance, even of her address. The girl had left the "Home" and entered into domestic service. Correspondence between mother and daughter passed through the hands of the Industrial School authorities, and from every one of the girl's letters the address was deleted—for fear, apparently, that the parents should presume to visit their own child. However, a few days ago the silence of the years was broken, and the mother of Robina Shields pierced the mystery—the poor child having ingeniously written her address on the inside of an envelope, where it was apparently overlooked by the Industrial School authorities. Thus the family obtained a clue to her whereabouts.

She was working as a farm drudge in a remote district of the North of Ireland, at a pittance first of £3 10s. and later of £5 per annum—out of which she had to buy her own clothes and boots. Cabbages and turnips were her principal food, but once a year—as a great treat—she received an egg. Domestic work was varied by rough outdoor labour, she having to plough with two horses. Finally, the unhappy girl was fetched home by her brother—who by great sacrifices was able to raise the substantial sum necessary for the fares—and left the former aggrieved at the loss of his little slave, but consoled with the reflection that he could get another drudge from the Industrial School. It is evident from the girl's story that she has been scandalously [illegible]. How much longer is this outrage [illegible]?

THEFT—AND KLEPTOMANIA.

MALVERN PICKLES AND WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

What is kleptomania? Theft by a person in comfortable circumstances. It is only poor people who *steal*. Down in Worcestershire they make the matter clear. There were three cases of shoplifting brought before the Malvern Petty Sessions in one day. In everything (including the number of offences, three apiece) except the amount stolen the cases were remarkably alike—that is in the eyes of Justice. In the eyes of the Justices there was the devil of a difference—for one woman (who had stolen the most) was comfortably off, the other two were poor. In fact, one of them was the wife of a soldier. She had two young children and had been in bad health since her husband joined the Army, a fact pleaded in defence. Moreover, she had been in gaol already, under arrest, for ten days. The other woman pleaded illness since the loss of a son in the war. Mark the sequel: The two poor women agreed to be dealt with summarily. They were! They were sent to prison for three months. The other woman was committed for trial on the various charges. But did *she* spend the waiting time in chokey? Of course not! Bail in the sum of £50 and two sureties of £30.

The case came on at the Worcester Assizes. It was stated for the defence that she too had been ill and delusions made her take the pretty things, valued at £23 13s. 8d., from the various drapers. The other women took less, but then delusions are a privilege of the comfortable classes. That allows of course that when she went shop-lifting she did not know what she was about. In answer to the Judge, Counsel for the defence said every article had been returned—which is quite true; the Constable called for them. So the dear lady was bound over. We don't say that this woman ought to have been sent to prison. But we do say that if she was suffering from kleptomania so were the other two women sent to gaol for three months apiece. Further, we say solemnly that in Worcestershire there is one law for the well-to-do and another for the poor. If it is not right to put the one woman in prison, then [illegible] must be liberated.

DO[illegible]

ALLOTMENT HOLD[illegible]

"Eleven of us [illegible] writes a Winch[illegible] great deal of hard w[illegible] and had very li[illegible] that our rent is [illegible] given up; and [illegible] our winter greens, w[illegible] anything but right." [illegible] our friend sends [illegible] from the Town Cler[illegible] case of double [illegible] very much regret th[illegible] upon them by re[illegible] have to pay the fine [illegible] know the name of [illegible] him that he is guilty

WHO S[illegible]

THE "WISE" MAN [illegible]

As a matter of pu[illegible] glad to know whe[illegible] still advising people [illegible] steps. That they we[illegible] the end of last mont[illegible] letter, the original o[illegible] from Grosvenor Hou[illegible]

> In reply to your [illegible] that the name of [illegible] Fishmonger[illegible]. Hal[illegible] second-class kipper[illegible] very good, at fro[illegible] assist you any fu[illegible]

Curiously enough, [illegible] issued from the Food [illegible] Food Ministry, and [illegible] Whether the purchas[illegible] kippers at a time [illegible] "hoarding" might d[illegible] cumstances—on the [illegible] Control authorities, f[illegible] appetite for kippers [illegible] Food. In the face of ti[illegible] deliberately advise [illegible] fish wholesale is som[illegible]

MR. BOTTOML[illegible]

THE EDITOR'S RE[illegible]

The following le[illegible] Bottomley to the Edit[illegible] 22nd, speaks for itself

> Sir,—My attenti[illegible] issue of February 2[illegible] certain figures [illegible] delivered at Sw[illegible] made to appear [illegible] sum of £[illegible] 12s., [illegible] handed over to the [illegible] whilst the Gov[illegible] £38 9s. 3d. by way [illegible] If all these figures we[illegible] that I had anything [illegible] regard to the enorm[illegible] work, and poor as I [illegible] tempt me, in the [illegible] week-end rest. [illegible] permit me to mee[illegible] arranged through a [illegible] to defray the pri[illegible] and which also took [illegible] the receipts; whilst [illegible] railway and hotel [illegible] that. In the end, a [illegible] of which I repain[illegible] expenses, handing [illegible] balance, namely [illegible] rent League, the c[illegible] at present falls upo[illegible] the Business G[illegible] Wait until the Ge[illegible] shall "see." Wait [illegible]

From the above it w[illegible] had nothing wha[illegible] object of the lecture [illegible] proceeds

"SHOT AT DAWN."

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"THIS WAY TO THE CEMETERY."

MAN JOINING UP JUST IN TIME FOR FUNERAL.

The widow of Private Peter Yares, No. 1,661, 39th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, stationed at Plymouth, has during the last few days undergone the heartbreaking experience of bringing home to Nottingham, from where he was enlisted, the body of her husband, For some years Yares had needed constant medical attention, she tells us, for "chronic bronchitis and acute exhaustion." He presented his doctor's certificate to this effect before the Medical Examining Board, who ignored it and passed him B2, "with the result that the sudden arduous training and exposure brought about the attack of pneumonia which proved fatal" in a Plymouth Military Hospital "just one month from the date of his joining up."

It needs no imagination to picture the feelings of the widow and her children at the wanton waste of this man's life. The old Medical Boards enlisted many and many a man only to fill beds in hospitals and graves in cemeteries; and it is too much to hope that the new Medical Boards, many of them the old gang *in mufti*, will prevent frequent recurrence of the tragedy. It is beyond doubt that, with all the changes under National Service recruiting, the Army authorities still employ for the medical examination of recruits doctors who are either insufficiently conscientious and competent in the performance of their duties, or who are utterly callous.

"NO SOLDIER NEED APPLY."

THE MONS MEDAL BUT NO WORK.

Ex-Private Christopher Carroll enlisted in 1914, served 2 years and 295 days and was discharged with excellent character last August, suffering from malaria contracted in the Far East. Finding himself much improved in health, he was anxious to supplement his pension of 13s. 9d. a week by way of keeping body and soul together. He knocked at many doors in Ireland; the answer made or hinted at was "No Soldier Need Apply." This is bad, but not the worst, for he tells us that "there are at present in this town of Ballina (Co. Mayo), about twenty discharged soldiers who are willing to do anything. They are practically starving and have hardly a coat to their back. Their pensions vary from 16s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. Three or four of them received the Mons Ribbon to wear last week. They simply smiled. They would go to munitions to-morrow, but they have no money for their fares. As for the local Labour Exchange, it is about as big a farce as ever I saw."

There are men for jobs—many of them; are there jobs for the men? If so, what's the matter with the Minister of Labour? Is he in touch with the Minister of National Service, and is the Minister of National Service in touch with the Minister of Munitions? It ought to be somebody's business—his whole and sole business, perhaps—to place every discharged soldier of good character, capable of doing national service, in the service of which he is capable. Whose job is it? That's what we want to know. If it is nobody's job, why isn't it? If a British soldier is no longer able to participate in the world slaughter, then the Government seem to think they can knock off duty when they have given him enough pension to stand at ease, or step four paces to the rear, in order to save funeral expenses.

THE WHITLAND CASE.

£16 A YEAR TO INSPECT AREA OF 50,000 ACRES.

There has been a great outburst of popular indignation in regard to the appointment of the Food Inspector for Whitland, Carmarthenshire. As far as the young unmarried man who, as we recently stated, was appointed to the post, is concerned, but little blame can be attached to him. He is not in the high physical category stated by the local Press, being merely a Class C3 man, but it is felt that a great opportunity was missed of placing in remunerative employment someone who by his conduct in the field and the honourable wounds he had sustained, deserved well of his countrymen.

Doubtless it is true that it had not been decided to give the appointment to Mr. T. Rees Davies before the vacancy was advertised, but it is nevertheless the fact that, when the appointment was under discussion, the Clerk to the District Council stated that "he had some applications for the post"—the inference clearly being that someone or other "in the know" had spoken to friends of the desirable opportunity, and they had lost no time in stealing a march on outsiders. It is regrettable, too, that, in response to the advertisement for applications "stating salary required," a civilian such as Mr. Davies—well connected, being the son of the Surveyor to the Council, and so comfortably situated that he can apparently afford to act as the assistant to his father without remuneration—should have tendered for the post at the ridiculous salary of £16 a year, the area to be inspected covering nearly fifty thousand acres—some portions of it very difficult of access, one district, indeed, being eight miles from the office and without railway communication. Against this absurd figure no man who had to live on the job, or even to seek in it a means of supplementing a niggardly pension, could possibly compete. We willingly acquit Mr. Davies personally of any blame in the matter, and regret that, owing to a series of mistakes in the local Press, we in some respects did him less than justice.

THE RESULT OF THE "SITTING."

THE VULTURE COMES OUT OF HIS SHELL.

AN ANCIENT SCANDAL.

KIDNAPPING FROM INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

If there is still an official Whitewasher to the Home Office, that gentleman may find continued scope for his energies in a familiar field. It is a long time since we first attacked the great Industrial School Scandal; yet, apparently, the wretched evil is still rife. Take a single illustration. Ten years ago two unfortunate children, Francis and Robina Shields, were ordered away to Industrial Schools for the "crime" of failing to arrive at school punctually every morning. Four years later, the boy came home—purged, let us hope, of his vicious proclivities. But no one heard of the girl. Her mother was in ignorance, even of her address. The girl had left the "Home" and entered into domestic service. Correspondence between mother and daughter passed through the hands of the Industrial School authorities, and from every one of the girl's letters the address was deleted—for fear, apparently, that the parents should presume to visit their own child. However, a few days ago the silence of the years was broken, and the mother of Robina Shields pierced the mystery—the poor child having ingeniously written her address on the inside of an envelope, where it was apparently overlooked by the Industrial School authorities. Thus the family obtained a clue to her whereabouts.

She was working as a farm drudge in a remote district of the North of Ireland, at a pittance first of £3 10s. and later of £5 per annum—out of which she had to buy her own clothes and boots. Cabbages and turnips were her principal food, but once a year—as a great treat—she received an egg. Domestic work was varied by rough outdoor labour, she having to plough with two horses. Finally, the unhappy girl was fetched home by her brother—who by great sacrifices was able to raise the substantial sum necessary for the fares—and left the former aggrieved at the loss of his little slave, but consoled with the reflection that he could get another drudge from the Industrial School. It is evident from the girl's story that she has been scandalou[illegible]ted. How much longer is *this* outrag[illegible] culture?

THEFT—AND KLEPTOMANIA.

MALVERN PICKLES AND WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

What is kleptomania? Theft by a person in comfortable circumstances. It is only poor people who *steal*. Down in Worcestershire they make the matter clear. There were three cases of shoplifting brought before the Malvern Petty Sessions in one day. In everything (including the number of offences, three apiece) except the amount stolen the cases were remarkably alike—that is in the eyes of Justice. In the eyes of the Justices there was the devil of a difference—for one woman (who had stolen the most) was comfortably off, the other two were poor. In fact, one of them was the wife of a soldier. She had two young children and had been in bad health since her husband joined the Army, a fact pleaded in defence. Moreover, she had been in gaol already, under arrest, for ten days. The other woman pleaded illness since the loss of a son in the war. Mark the sequel: The two poor women agreed to be dealt with summarily. They were! They were sent to prison for three months. The other woman was committed for trial on the various charges. But did *she* spend the waiting time in chokey? Of course not! Bail in the sum of £50 and two sureties of £30.

The case came on at the Worcester Assizes. It was stated for the defence that she too had been ill and delusions made her take the pretty things, valued at £23 13s. 8d., from the various drapers. The other women took less, but then delusions are a privilege of the comfortable classes. That allows of course that when she went shop-lifting she did not know what she was about. In answer to the Judge, Counsel for the defence said every article had been returned—which is quite true; the Constable called for them. So the dear lady was bound over. We don't say that this woman ought to have been sent to prison. But we do say that if she was suffering from kleptomania so were the other two women sent to gaol for three months apiece. Further, we say solemnly that in Worcestershire there is one law for the well-to-do and another for the poor. If it is right to put the one woman in prison, then [illegible] must be liberated.

DOUBLE OR QUIT.

ALLOTMENT HOLDERS' GENUINE GRIEV

"Eleven of us were allotted a meadow," writes a Winchester man. "We had a very great deal of hard work breaking up this land, and had very little in return. We are informed that our rent is to be doubled or the land given up; and as all the allotments are full of our winter greens, we feel we are being treated anything but right." In proof of his statement our friend sends along the letters he has received from the Town Clerk, which show it is a case of double—or quit. "The Corporation very much regret this course, but it is imposed upon them by reason of the increased rent they have to pay the landlord." We should like to know the name of that landlord, in order to tell him that he is guilty of a very unpatriotic act.

WHO SAID KIPPERS?

THE "WISE" MAN OF THE FOOD MINISTRY.

As a matter of public interest, we should be glad to know whether the Ministry of Food are still advising people to buy their kippers by the stone. That they were doing so as recently as the end of last month is proved by the following letter, the original of which is before us, and from Grosvenor House:—

> In reply to your inquiry, I beg to advise you that the name of the Food Economy Section of Fishmongers' Hall. They have been selling second-class kippers, which, I understand, are very good, at from 5s. to 6s. per stone. If I can assist you any further, please let me know.

Curiously enough, this amazing note is issued from the Food Economy Section of Food Ministry, and signed "Frederic W. Whether the purchase of one stone of kippers at a time would entail penalties "hoarding" might depend on a variety of circumstances—on the wiseness of the local Food Control authorities, for instance, and on a man's appetite for kippers—but that the Ministry of Food, in the face of the present shortage, should deliberately advise householders to buy their fish wholesale is something like a scandal.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S MEETINGS.

THE EDITOR'S REPLY TO THE "STAR."

The following letter, addressed by Mr. Bottomley to the Editor of the *Star*, on February 22nd, speaks for itself:—

> Sir,—My attention has been called to your issue of February 20th, in which you publish certain figures relating to a lecture I delivered at Swindon, from which it is made to appear that I received £37 12s., as against the sum of £37 10s. handed over to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund—whilst the Government apparently also got £38 5s. 5d. by way of Entertainment Tax. Even if all those figures were correct, I should not feel that I had anything to be ashamed of. Having regard to the enormous pressure under which I work, and poor as I am, even £87 12s. would not tempt me, in the ordinary way, to give up my week-end rest. Perhaps, however, you will permit me to mention that the lecture was arranged through a recognised Agency, which had to defray the printing and advertising expenses, and which also took a substantial percentage of the receipts; whilst personally I had to meet railway and hotel charges. The net result was that, in the end, a sum of £37 came to me, out of which I repaid myself the hotel and travelling expenses, handing practically the whole of the balance, namely, £[illegible], to the Business Government League, the entire financial burden of which at present falls upon my shoulders. "What is the Business Government League?" you say. Wait until the General Election—and then we shall "see." With best regards to Captain Coe.

From the above it will be seen that the Editor had nothing whatever to do with either the object of the lecture or the disposition of its proceeds.

READY FOR THE

REMARKABLE LETTER FROM A GERM

By THE

"HOW do we stand?" Once again we ask that question. But it is useless asking it unless it be frankly answered. What, then, is the position? In my view, we are in the darkest moments of the struggle, we are navigating the rough water of the seas of conflict—we are "up against it." I have given up prophesying smooth things, but it would be equally wrong to play the pessimist. There is no place for the craven-hearted in Armageddon. Our island history is a record, great and imperishable, of brave men in tight places, of intrepid souls fighting through the darkness to the light of victory. And what our fathers did we can, and will, do. I know what is the feeling in the trenches—it is one of supreme confidence. Weary of waging war? Yes. Sighing for the fire-lights of home and the warm hands of family love? Yes. Glad indeed will they be when the fight is finished and, tired and travel-stained warriors, they doff the khaki for the habiliments of peace. But confident? I should think so—splendidly, eagerly, confident. It is enough to damp the ardour of the keenest spirits to be now once more on the defensive. You remember those lunges forward—those half breakings through in the West. How they heartened our men, and made them keen to rout the Hun out of Belgium and send him scuttling along the road to Berlin!

The Dupes and Traitors of Petrograd.

Russia's fall is now a twice-told tale of infamy and betrayal. It is a tale mixed up with German gold and the crass stupidity of British politicians. Think of all the arrant nonsense that was talked by men who thought every traitor was a patriot and every patriot his country's enemy. Messrs. Henderson and Co. must now realise the criminal depths of their ignorance of the Russian situation although I have not yet read a single speech of these duped Labour men in which they have had the manliness to admit their errors. Truly Russia is out of the war for purposes of offence, but lamentably, for the war as the bleeding instrument of German ambition. The history of the last few months, as written in Petrograd, Brest-Litovsk, is a tale of duplicity and treachery almost impossible to be believed. The Lenins and the Trotskys have bartered away the body and soul of a great nation. They have done more—they have sold the pass of Civilisation and made common cause with the enemy of mankind. Don't tell me they have been duped. The dupes are the Russian people, whose lands to-day are overrun by the Hun and whose liberties are being hanged on the scaffolds of German tyranny. There were narrow-minded fools in this country—and fools, too, in high places—who thought they saw in Trotsky's refusal to sign peace a master-stroke of diplomacy. That refusal, accompanied as it was by the demobilisation of what was left of the once brave Russian army—was a piece of Judas duplicity without parallel in history. A peace with Germany would have imposed certain obligations on the hated foe of Europe, from which even the lying Machiavellian Kaiser might have found it hard to escape. But by theatrically refusing his signature to the peace pact and at the same time giving final orders for the crushing of the Russian military machine, Trotsky committed an act of infamy before which the enormities of Prussianism pale their lurid fires. And I say here and now that "No truck with the Germans" must find its corollary in "No parley with the traitors who have betrayed Russia." Let the Foreign Office make it known throughout the world that the Lenins and Trotskys are outside the pale of international intercourse, and that from this time Russia and the Russians are to be counted among our enemies. There are thousands of men in our midst to-day who cannot be regarded as friends, and they are certainly not Neutrals. They must be treated as potential foes, and either shipped back to feed the waves of Russia's ocean of anarchy or locked up here and kept out of harm's way.

Menacing Factors in the West.

It does not need any great exercise of common sense to realise what all that is happening in Russia means to the cause of the Allies. First, there is the monstrous set-back of a traitorous betrayal—Russia's armies are no longer at the service of the Allies who went to war for her sake. But next, and worst, is that the surrender—hopeless, abject, disgusting—has released millions of men—not all, by the way, good soldiers as we understand the term—to augment the Prussian hosts in the West. That is a menacing factor which our soldiers understand and, understanding, are ready to meet. It is more furious to see the Press lowering its dignity and its independence to fight the miserable battles of the politician against the soldier. If we wanted to lose the war, the events of the last three weeks were well calculated to play the German game. But, thank God, the soldier is bigger in soul than the politician. To obey orders is the soldier's first duty, and Sir William Robertson never did a bigger thing or proved himself so fine a patriot, as when he walked out of Whitehall to take the Eastern Command. But if the Russian betrayal upset the best military calculation, arrested the steady flow of the Allied offensive and held up plans which would have finished the war in the West in time for the joy bells of Christmas, the gross surrender of Trotsky to the common foe has opened up new possibilities for half-starving Germany—possibilities of food stolen from Russian territory and of rich booty for the German War Lords. All this has to be faced—and overcome. It is the British way to make iron the nerves in the face of difficulties; to renew the vows of patriotism before the walls of opposition. We shall win; we shall triumph—but we must all put our backs into the fight.

Defeat the Price of Wanton Horrors.

Sometimes I wonder what German people are thinking—whether at the bottom of their hearts they do not know, in spite of all they are told by the lying bureaus of Officialdom, that for them victory is impossible—that defeat is the price that will be exacted for the wanton horrors, the criminal cruelty, of the military caste. I have already given the purport of two letters received since that "fire" which brought home to us with poignant and pitiful reality the horror of it all. One was from a swine of a Hun still lurking in our midst; the other from that fouler beast—a creature who decries his own country. But among my correspondence there has come a letter from a German woman, Leonie Paul, living in the West Central district of London. You may remember the sad and significant case of a German, his wife and one of their children, who took poison in September last rather than return to the land of their birth—the land of infamies untold. The man and child died, the woman recovered—the woman was Leonie Paul, my correspondent. I quote her letter before me:—

> I have read your wonderful article, "Fire, Flame and Fury," and I have cried with shame. You are hard, but—God help me—you are just! My heart could not but respond to every word you said. Through the medium of your pen you made me see the ghastly scenes of the air raid which killed so many innocent lives. Your wrath is just. You want to exterminate the German race! Very well—if it would bring back the dead, the murdered and slaughtered—and if it would bring back peace and happiness to the world, I, a German, would gladly die a thousand deaths.
>
> Some months ago you must have read about the German family who committed suicide sooner than return to their native country. I am the widow of that German, and I perfectly agreed with my husband that death was preferable to a return to Germany. And I am proud that my husband died such a death, showing in the only possible way his love for, and his loyalty to, England. For twenty years of my life I have been in Germany—for twenty long years I have seen daily injustice, bribery and hateful class distinction. Any sense of charity or kindness I have ever come across seemed to be nipped in the bud by class distinction, which after all is nothing more or less in that country than Militarism. No power on earth will ever make me live again in Germany. I have my parents living there in good circumstances, to whom I could have returned when my husband was expelled, and though I love my mother dearly I chose, like my husband—death.

What I have quoted is sufficiently remarkable as evidence of the detestation this German woman feels for the land of her birth. But what follows is even more eloquent:—

> Can you imagine my feelings when I sit, with my boy clasped to my breast, taking shelter during an air raid in the basement of the house where I live? You cannot! No Englishman—or woman—can. It is more than [illegible] can feel, for to my first [illegible] and die— shame for my [illegible] after

SUPREME TEST.

AN WOMAN—WHAT'S JELLICOE DOING?

EDITOR,

all, I am innocent—shame for my countrymen whom I can only despise for their cruelty as much as any loyal Englishman.

When restored to life after taking the veronal, my English friends made life very sweet again for me, but, believe me, I would gladly lay it down if it could benefit England in any way—England which is now my country, in which I—my husband and child—found happiness and, above all, Justice! More than ever do I feel the shame of my nationality as the war continues. To see endless queues of poor, tired women waiting for a scrap of food makes me feel equally ashamed as listening to the firing of guns or the exploding of bombs during an air raid. I do not wait in queues—what right have I, a German, to take the meat that belongs to Englishwomen? What right have I at all to live? I am proud to say that though a German I have never broken my word, and a promise was extracted from me when I was discharged that I would never again attempt suicide. I am in honour bound to keep that promise. Perhaps it is ungrateful after all my friends have done for me to say that very often I am sorry that the poison I took was not effective, and that now I must live to see what shame Germany is heaping on the heads of at least those of her children who have a sense of justice left—for I cannot be the sole exception.

You say in your article "neither man, woman, nor child must be spared; I know that is the gospel of ferocity—of barbarism if you will!" Why even the Bible somewhere talks about "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," or something like that, and a German, as I know him, would be the first to live up to that. God has been merciful in guiding my feet to England, where I have found and learned what I could never have acquired in the Hun country: justice and broadmindedness. May God forgive the Germans, for men cannot. If only England would trust me I would gladly do my share, though I am only a woman. As it is, I can only teach my boy to become a brave, honourable Englishman, with God's help.

What's Jellicoe Doing?

Surely that is a letter which must shame some of the small-souled Englishmen among us. This German woman—intelligent and educated, as her writing reveals—knows the character of the Hun, the nature of the beast of Europe, and her knowledge brings the stimulating fire of hatred and contempt. We are out to smash this creature—to cripple for all time his power for evil, and, with the whole civilised world ranged against him, the outcome of the struggle is certain. But we must fight on and fight hard. And we must stop all the fooling at home which retards the day of victory. The jealousies of politicians must be throttled. The meanness and back-biting which disgusts good men and weakens our fighting power are a scandal in this hour of an Empire's trial. When I think of the peril of scrapping naval and military brains at this time, I wonder whether there is not something like madness in Downing Street. If Robertson is the great genius for war that we have been told he is, ever since Kitchener was sent to his death and he became Chief of the Imperial Staff, then in the name of Victory why is he kicking his heels in the Eastern Command? Oh! I know all about the danger—or the bogy—of invasion. But I thought Lord French was looking after that end of the line, and in any case Robertson is too big a man to be wasted in that way. If there was less of a doped Press and more of independence, there would be a general outcry against the "passing" of Robertson. And what about Jellicoe? Someone told me—I can't remember who it was, but he lives in an official residence not far from Whitehall—that Jellicoe was the Heaven-sent fighting man of the sea, that it was his pluck and genius that stood between us and—well, something terrible. Then that person, or another, discovered that, great as was his value as the fighting head of the Navy, he would be priceless as First Sea Lord. And so he came to Whitehall. Well, where is he to-day? We had a howling-down campaign in the Press—just the kind of thing that heralded the exit of Robertson, the military genius—and Jellicoe is to-day entertaining the enthusiastic lunchers of the Aldwych Club and delivering polite lectures on the work of the Navy! If he is the man I believe him to be, then it is a scandal that he should be wasting his time in after-dinner pleasantries wh British Navy keeps watch and ward on the sea is plenty for a good sailor to do. Stories reach those raids on Dover—of ineffectual convoys, of continuance of the fool's game of sending food ships from one port to another only to be submarined on the way—which are not pleasant to contemplate. We don't want talking members of the silent Navy; we want action—which, if ever it did, speaks to-day louder than words. For Heaven's sake, let there be an end to these twists and turns of the fighting man's fortunes which disgust and puzzle the public. If men—whoever they be—fail, let them make way for others. But these mysterious exits bear a sinister aspect, and I warn the Government that the country is becoming very, very suspicious of it all.

A Call to Patience and Patriotism.

From every side I hear complaints still of muddle, of inefficiency, of waste. Well, we must, I am afraid, grin and bear it. But there shall be retribution after the war! We are now trying to ration ourselves when there is little to ration. Months and months ago I begged the Government to trust the People, to put us all on tickets. Then we *had* the food—there was plenty for all, and I believe there still would be to-day if practical men and business methods were employed. We are at the beginning of a great experiment in ticket feeding—we must not be impatient. I am by no means sanguine that the scheme will work. But for the sake of the poor, of the many who have struggled for food while the few have hoarded and lived in plenty, I hope all my heart that it *will* succeed. If we have to tighten our belts we will all do it willingly, provided it is share and share alike—no muddle, no humbug, and no favouritism. And while we are ready to tighten our belts over the food difficulty, surely there is not a man of fighting efficiency among us who in this supreme hour will refuse to answer his country's call. Thousands—aye, tens of thousands—of our youngest and best have paid the price. They responded at once; they have fought and bled and died. Now the cry is heard from across the water—"Come over and help us!" Who will dare to turn a deaf ear? There has been much vexation of spirit, I know—a good deal has happened to try the temper. But—the Army needs more men! I don't like to see those ballots against the Man-Power Bill. They are not a reflection of the true spirit of Labour—that spirit which has sent the flower of our mechanic to the trenches and has stimulated the older workers to splendid exertions in the great munition factories of this country.

Give 'Em Hell, Lads!

The men out there are eager, brave, confident. At any moment the great struggle may begin, and don't be so certain that the Germans will get their blow in first. But, whenever the shock of the new battle is felt, be sure of this—Great Britain and her Allies will stand firm; the glorious victories in the East, which have brought new honours to the flag, will be repeated in the West, and the day of triumph, grievously delayed though it has been, will assuredly dawn. But for that glorious consummation it is to Tommy alone (I am assuming Jack's chance will not be yet) that we must look. And I want to send him just a final word of cheer and confidence before he once more goes into battle. I want him to know that every movement in the coming fight will be watched with breathless interest by those at home for whom he is fighting. I want him to know that our thoughts, our hearts, our prayers, will be with him—and at the same time our unshakable confidence and trust. And, above all things, I want him to understand that there is at least one journal and one public man pledged to guard his interests; pledged to obtain him adequate recompense for the glorious service he is rendering; pledged to look after him should he be incapacitated for further service—and most solemnly pledged, in the event of his falling on the field, to see that those who are left behind are not dependent upon the cold hand of a degrading charity, but shall be regarded as the cherished hostages of the State and treated in a manner worthy of the heroes of whose bone and flesh and family they are. So go ahead, Tommy; remember the great cause for which you are fighting; teach the Hun that Britain is still the greatest martial nation on the earth. Spare no foe, show no mercy, and make the Kaiser realise what a bad day it was for him and his when in a mad moment he defied the might and majesty of the British

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. WILLIAM CLOUGH, M.P. FOR THE SKIPTON DIVISION.

W'y, if it ain't the meek an' lowly William! 'Ow are yer, Mister Clough? Some time since I seen you—not since you was 'ad up fur pitchin' thet pore woman about some years ago—you know w'en you apologised, not to *'er*, but to the "meek an' lowly Jesus" 'oo's follower you said you was. I *mon* 'ave seen you since, but wot with the wore an' one thing an' another, I 'ave forgot. But it's a treat to see you again. It makes it seem like the ole times, w'en perlitical rivalry only made us hart. But our tempers is a bit shorter nowadays, an' we don't suffer fools so gladly. Thort yer threatened to resign some time ago? . . . *Decided to stick it for the duration?* Well, you 'ave put it thet way, but I dessay if the truth was known, you was so upset by the ill-concealed joy of yore constituents w'en they 'eard you was goin' to say goodbye, that you made up yore mind to spite 'em by 'angin' on a bit longer. But in any case you're bound to go out at the next General Election, for from wot I 'ear Skipton is absolutely fed up with you. An' this lerst exhibition o' yores 'as put the lid on . . . *Wot do I mean?* W'y, yore goin' fined fifty quid an' five guineas costs for aidin' and abettin' a 'unt o' yores to disobey an' order to plough land. You appear to 'ave stared yore pore ant into resistin' the instructions of the War Agricultural Executive Committee, so I reckon you ought to pay 'is fine as well . . . Oh, I *don't understand the circumstances, don't I?* Git out! Wot I know about *you* is enough to explain 'em. You've never bin more then a blessin' perlitical freak in Parlyment, and I dessay you're the same in civil life. Ever since I've known anythink about you you've bin one o' them damned nuisances wot brings the 'Ouse o' Commons into discredit. 'Ow 'ard-'eaded Yorkshire electors could ever 'ave sent you there 'as always bin a puzzle to me. But I fancy they've done it fur the larst time . . . *Bin a faithful representative,* 'ave you? 'Ow? Wot 'ave you done? I remember you issued a book to yore constituents pointin' out thet you 'ad walked somethink like 80 miles through the Division Lobbies and spent nearly 70 days in 'em. Wot you fergot to add was thet you never opened yore mouth without makin' a fool of yerself . . . 'Ere, stand orf! Don't you start none o' yore meek an' lowly tricks with me. If you want to punch anybody, go 'ome to Skipton and 'it one o' yore perlitical opponents. There's always some women knockin' about, if you carn't find a man . . . Oh, *you came 'ere to 'ave yore 'air cut, not to be insulted.* Well, you've 'ad yore comb cut instead. As fur insultin' you, I don't think it's easy. You carn't insult a man wot fergits 'isself so fur as to man 'andle a woman an' then torks a lot of sanctimonious tosh about the "meek an' lowly Jesus." Not to mention resistin' the Order to grow more food to 'elp us to win the war. Damme, sir, you're neether a gentleman or a patriot. You're simply a sanctimonious 'umbug; and the sooner you're out of the 'Ouse o' Commons the fewer complaints there'll be about the bad ventilation . . . Oh, buzz orf an' bury yerself! Skip back to Skipton, an' try to live down yer parst. W'en you've done *that,* I might stretch a point an' cut yore 'air.

PRINTER'S PIE.

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS" (advertisement):—
"Would MARRIED COUPLE or two young ladies SHARE ROOM WITH WIDOW; terms moderate."

"STAFFORDSHIRE SENTINEL":—
"The following message was ISSUED BY SIR DOUGLAS HAIG yesterday:—'Congratulate AUSTRIAN Corps on successful raid carried out against the enemy trenches.'"

"NEW MAGAZINE":—
"The BLIND man found himself STARING into the dull muzzle of a Mauser revolver."

"PICTURE FUN":—
"The SOUND from the earth continued, and it grew nearer and more plainly VISIBLE."

"TONBRIDGE FREE PRESS":—
"——— ——— was charged with being drunk whilst in charge of a horse . . . P.C. WEST PROVED THE CASE, and HE was fined 6s. 6d."

"KILBURN TIMES, HAMPSTEAD AND NORTH-WESTERN PRESS":—
"Rev. ——'s Farewell . . . The Rev. ——— remarked that as a brother minister he felt Mr. ——— going VERY MUCH NEEDED."

"GLASGOW EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—
"See the 5s. MEN'S TROUSERS IN OUR MISSES' AND MAIDS' DEPARTMENT."

"FRUIT GROWER":—
"I was shown the crop of POTATOES which the TOMATOES had produced."

"CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL":—
"Let that man go to England. He will be TORPEDOED and DROWNED on his way and BOMBED TO PIECES when he gets there."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

The Sailor's Wife.

A married seaman was waiting for a ship; meanwhile his wife could not pay her way, as she is unable to work through bad health.

Sickness.

A private's wife was in difficulty. Two children ill, and doctor's bill unpaid. Invalid mother cannot help her in any way with her small family, for whose needs her allowance is insufficient.

An Irish Appeal.

From the Emerald Isle came the next appeal—that of a war widow, with a young family, in debt with her landlord, owing to the sickness of one of the children, who had to be fed on special diet.

Jack's Dilemma.

The vessel in which this poor fellow served was torpedoed; he was saved, discharged to hospital, and is now suffering the effects of exposure. His wife's allowance is stopped, and no money is as yet coming in to her.

Suspense and Death.

This poor woman's trial would draw sympathy from the hardest. She received notification one day that her husband was missing, and the same night one of her children died—leaving six others to be cared for, all under eleven years of age. Debts fell upon her, including arrears of rent, and she pitifully asked us to help.

A Sad Home-Coming.

A Tommy came home on leave to say the last good-bye to his father, who passed away soon after his son's arrival, his death being unprepared for in the way of insurance. Tommy's wife is in delicate health, and her small stock of ready cash had been exhausted before all expenses were met.

Waiting for Widowhood.

A worried wife is watching by her husband's death bed, he having contracted consumption while in the Service, and been discharged incurable from sanatoria. Three children also make a demand on her care, and the poor woman was half starving herself to support her dependents.

Loss by Fire.

An accidental fire caused much distress in a poor family. Clothing and other things were burned, and could not be replaced out of the meagre income. The applicant is in delicate health, and unable to work to make good the loss.

A Few More at Random.

Discharged soldier, suffering from lung disease. Unable to work; wife wanting for daily necessities.

Munition worker died from gas poisoning. Uninsured; wife in great distress.

Service man home on special leave. Wife and three children injured in air raid; one child died.

Soldier's wife in bad health, ordered nourishment, which her allowance will not provide.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; H. D. and R. C. (Witbank), 15s.; E. J. H. (High Barnet), 5s.; R. G. (Doncaster), 10s.; "A Friend of Tommy and Jack," 5s.; J. D., 2s.; A. R. (Redditch), 2s. 6d.; "Sally and Billy," 5s.; R. M. (Birkenhead), 5s.; Mrs. E. O., 2s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; S. A. W., parcel; "Dead Airman's Sister," 5s.; K. M. (Glasgow), 2s.; Mrs. C. E. R. (Penarth), 1s.; "Emporium," 2s. 6d.; "Auntie," 2s. 6d.; "Result of a Nap Hand," 2s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; G. B. C., £5; "Thankful," (Rhodesia), 2s. 6d.; W. F. (Runcorn), 6d.; "London and Edin.," 2s.; "Gran," 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Gaine Dept., V.R.C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), 14s. 6d.; A. L. (Shropshire), 1s.; W. B. (Birmingham), 2s.; K. E., 2s. 6d.; "Loco Driver" (Faversham), 1s.; "Wounded Tommies," 1s.; M. R. B. (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; J. W. L., 10s.; "Sphagnum," 5s.; Mrs. E. G., £1; O. H., £3 3s.; "Olim Londinensis," £1; C. G. (Cardiff), 1s.; Mrs. A. J. L. (Highgate), 5s.; A. E. W., 1s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 2s.; "Kaga Maru," 10s.; "A Mother's Mite," 10s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), £1; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; G. A. L. (Lowestoft), 2s.; "A Widow's Mite," 6d.; Collection During Air Raid, at Dance, Caxton Hall, £1 10s.; "An Australian Soldier," 12s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 3272," 1s.; "A True Scotchwoman," £1; W. H. (Widnes), 2s. 6d.; "A Discharged Soldier," 1s. 2d.; W. T. S. (R. E. F.), 4s. 6d.; J. S. B. (Macclesfield), 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s. 4d.; L. M. (Transvaal), 2s. 2d.; C. W. W., 2s. 10d.; "A Soldier's Baby Boy," 1s.; J. P. H., £1; "A Soldier's Mother" (Nottingham), 2s.; "Nonky," 5s.; R. D. (Birmingham), 2s.; R. D. (Thornton Heath), 2s.; S. J. M., 4s.; Mrs. A. W. (Norwich), 1s.; "Soldier's Wife," 2s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; Mrs. T. (Walthamstow), 1s.; M. H. (Leyton), 2s. 6d.; F. S., 2s.; L. D., 6d.; J. R., 2s.; G. F., 1s.; R. C. L., 6d.; "Nemo," 2s.; "Sapper A. W.," 2s.; "R. M. Worker" (Dumbartonshire), 1s. 6d.; "Off Bullet," 10s.; K. M., 6d.; L. B., 1s.; C. J. T., 1s.; "Well Wisher" (St. Albans), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. S. P., 2s. 6d.; Wearwell Costume Co., 1s.; M. E. S., 1s.; F. M., 2s.; S. M. (Salford), 2s. 6d.; C. D., 1s.; "Thankoffering," 10s.; J. C. A., 2s.; W. H. (Wandsworth), 2s. 6d.; S. A. C. (S. Norwood), 2s. 6d.

Mr. R. Bradshaw, the winner of the First Prize in our 27th "Bullets" competition, has kindly sent us £5.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

THE "JOHN BULL" PEN.

Non-leakable. Ideal for travelling purposes.
This model is usually sold at 15/-

With 1 coupon, 5/-
13 coupons, 4/6
Postage, 6d.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 12 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1s EXTRA.
Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (March 2nd, 1918.)
P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, *19th August, 1916.*

Ruffled Birdmen.

Is the President of the Air Board, or the Officer Commanding the R.F.C. Reserve Section at Farnborough, aware of the acute discontent amongst the N.C.O.s of the Corps stationed at Farnborough and Aldershot? If they are not, we are!

Scant Ceremony.

President of a Travelling Medical Board, examining unfit soldiers, brusquely: "Hullo, sonny, been wounded, eh? Turn round. B2. Run away, sonny!" To the next man—half alive: "Hullo, Jack Johnson, trot up! Heart trouble, eh? Yes, I know. B2. Toddle off, boy." And so on with seventeen men, several of them ripe for discharge from the Army!

The Thieving Tommies.

Before going on leave, a private of the Ampthill Command Depot left his kit in charge of a sergeant. He fell ill while on furlough; when he returned he found that his boots were missing, and he was ordered to buy a new pair. Upon questioning the justice of this, he was threatened with a trial for "neglecting his kit." What has the Commanding Officer to say?

Unfair to the Canucks.

There is serious discontent among the Quartermaster ranks in the Canadian Army Medical Corps. A number of the men who have been in the Army since war broke out are still Honorary Lieutenants—whereas fresh men from Canada, who have never seen Service, arrive with the rank of Honorary Captain or Honorary Major. This is grossly unfair, and we are taking the matter up with Ottawa.

The Major and the Man.

Here are two Northern Command Orders—one issued exactly a month after the other:—"Major ——, Reserve of Officers, was tried and found guilty of striking a soldier. Sentence: To be severely reprimanded." "Pte. ——, East Lancs. Regiment, was tried and found guilty, when on Active Service, of striking and offering violence to a superior officer. Sentence: Penal Servitude for the term of five years, and to be discharged with ignominy from H.M. Service." See the value of a Crown on your shoulder?

Look on This—

This remarkable class distinction is further shown by the following striking cases:—A Second Lieut. in France was the other day court-martialled on two exceedingly serious charges—having by code informed a friend in England of the whereabouts of his unit and, in the second place, having given away particulars of intended military movements. He was sentenced to be cashiered, but, having regard to his good character sheet, the Commander-in-Chief in France decided that the case would be met by a severe reprimand. Lucky man! He will in all probability be given another job.

And on This.

A "common soldier," connected with the Field Ambulance in France, wrote to his wife in England, casually mentioning the name of the village in which he was stationed. Result: He was court-martialled and sentenced to three months of the horrible No. 1 Field Punishment, and his wife's allotment has consequently been stopped for 105 days!

Can't we Catch Them?

A recent decision in the Law Courts lays it down that, although money may be paid to register a letter, no claim can be sustained if the envelope is delivered minus its valuable contents. Our correspondence shows that a tremendous number of registered letters lose their way between the offices at which they are posted and the men in our units. Desertion in the face of the enemy is a capital offence, and this robbery of their comrades by the Post-Corporal and others should be placed on the same plane. However, regimental authorities choose the line of least resistance, and do not wish to be bothered by such "small things." Thus Tommy must go on without complaint, while the uniformed bandits are left with a free hand.

Glad to be of Service.

Some grateful Dundee men tell us that the day after we called attention to the fact that the ratings stationed there could not obtain overcoats or oilskins, a notice was put up inviting them to make immediate application at the clothing office. We congratulate the ratings upon the redress of a legitimate grievance.

A Mem. for Sir Eric.

We note that the shore staff of the Patrol Section at the Tyne headquarters receive living allowance at the rate of 18s. 8d. per week, whereas the shore staff of the Mine-sweeping section, including the engineer branch, are given only 11s. Why this difference?

Another Admiralty Bilk.

When lads joined the R.N.A.S. at the Crystal Palace they were given a paper promising that when they attained the age of eighteen they would be automatically rated Air Mechanics, at 2s. 1d. a day. Some of them who have fulfilled the conditions have been rated as Air Craftsmen at 1s. 3d. a day. This is not the only injustice of a similar kind perpetrated upon the R.N.A.S.

WHAT IS THE CONDITION OF YOUR HAIR?

Test Free the Effects of Harlene "Hair-Drill" in Promoting Hair Health and Beauty.

Distribution of 1,000,000 Complete Trial Outfits Free To-day.

EVERY woman looks into the mirror, and there is every reason why she should, for Nature has given to woman the gift of beauty, and there are none who have received more of Nature's bounty than the "English Rose."

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and man's too, for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair-health and beauty free.

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to despatch to any reader a seven days "Harlene Hair-Drill" outfit entirely free of charge.

TRY "HARLENE" FREE.

Two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" will quickly restore your hair to its best. If you are troubled with

SCURF OR DANDRUFF, OVER-GREASINESS OF THE SCALP, THIN OR BRITTLE HAIR, SPLITTING OR FALLING HAIR,

you should obtain at once a Free Trial Outfit. All you have to do is to cut out and post the Free "Gift Outfit" Coupon below, which is published for your convenience.

The Gift Parcel contains:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and Tonic for the Hair, which stimulates it to new growth.

2. A portion of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be dry.

4. The new "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions for this toilet exercise.

You will be pleasantly surprised the first time you practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" (it occupies only two minutes a day), for it is a most delightfully refreshing toilet exercise.

Does your hair fall out? Is it brittle, dry, over-greasy, weak, or lacking in lustre? There are hair-health effects which can be so easily and effectually overcome by "Harlene Hair-Drill."

A short course of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will make a wonderful difference in your personal appearance. It strengthens the hair, improves its condition, and is a remarkable aid to hairdressing.

LETTERS OF PRAISE FROM ALL.

Thousands of letters in terms of unqualified approval have been received by the proprietors of "Harlene."

Famous Actresses, Cinema Queens, and especially women workers in the munition establishments, in factories and offices, who have been worried over the condition of their hair—all have been particularly pleased with the wonderful results obtained from the practice of "Hair-Drill."

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Men, too, find "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dandruff, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair health and beauty.

You will always be able to obtain future supplies of "Harlene" from your local chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle (in solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d. with full directions as to use). "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, and Cremex Shampoo Powders 1s. 1½d. per box of seven (single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL"

GIFT OUTFIT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin the coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.") JOHN BULL, 2/3, 18.

I will train YOU to play brilliantly without Drudgery, Fatigue, or Failure

I teach from ordinary music and by other essentials my PIANO LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE are orthodox and authoritative, but so absolutely effective that with about one-third of the usual practice already your playing and sight-reading shall be transformed. I guarantee success to any average person. And, Regularly can play without knowing a note.

Read these extracts from my recent pupil reports:—

An Elementary Player: "I am not quite earlier than you suggested because I have made such rapid strides. The exercises seem to slip under my fingers without any trouble whatever, and all my fingers are capable of giving an equal tone volume."—Miss K. L. R. (Small Heath).

Send a postcard to-day for my illuminating little book:—
MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD.
Read about my System, see what hundreds of all ages and stages say it has done for their playing and judge for yourself what it can do for you.
Give your full address (Mrs., Miss, or Mr.) and merely the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner, as may best describe your case and the book shall be gladly sent you by return of post.

Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

"TIZ" for Aching, Sore, Tired Feet.

TIZ is grand for puffed-up, tender, perspiring feet, burning corns, and chilblains.

People who are forced to stand on their feet all day know what sore, tender, perspiring, burning feet mean. They use TIZ, and TIZ cures their feet right off. It keeps feet in perfect condition. TIZ is the only remedy in the world that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause tender, sore, tired, aching feet. It instantly stops the pain in corns, hard skin and bunions. It's fine for chilblains. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel after using TIZ. You'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't tighten and hurt your feet.

A box of TIZ is always welcome at the Front.

Get a 1/1 box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/1.

BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Price below it is too late for my clearance lists. Premiers, Humbers, Centaurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raleighs, Court Royals, &c., grand bicycles from £3 19s. 6d. cash (maker's price £12 12s.).—GEORGE KING (Ltd.), the Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

Baron Emile B. d'Erlanger, as chairman of the Sterling Trust, Ltd., stated at the first ordinary general meeting of the company that the total investments stood in the balance-sheet at £8,873,932. Outside the American assets, they held £2,850,000 of immediately realisable securities. The directors had placed to reserve £1,000,000 and recommended the payment of a 6 per cent. dividend, carrying forward £8,000, subject to excess profits duty, if any, and directors' additional remuneration.

Lord Hothfield, presiding at the annual general meeting of the South-Eastern Ry., on Feb. 19th, said that the net receipts from the Managing Committee for 1917 totalled £1,063,433. After providing for all fixed charges there was £199,194 available, and after payment of dividends they would carry forward £12,532.

GIVE YOUR STOMACH A HOLIDAY.

FOOD CONTROL CURES INDIGESTION.

58 DOCTORS' OPINIONS GIVEN IN FREE BOOK.

If you suffer from Indigestion or Dyspepsia you should send to-day for the free book just published on the common-sense management of the Stomach. It is full of valuable information for the dyspeptic, and gives the opinion of 58 Eminent Doctors on the value of Lactopeptine as a quick and easy home cure for all disorders of the digestive organs.

NO DRUGGING.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion were formerly treated by medicines acting on the Stomach; now doctors prescribe the new food controller, Lactopeptine. Without Drugging the system, this wonderful scientific combination controls the food and digests it, giving the stomach rest and allowing the natural functions to recuperate and restore them to a healthy, active condition. It cures by removing the cause.

PROFESSOR VANDELL says it is "one of the certainties" in medicine.

The following are some of the disorders which can be immediately relieved and cured by following the advice given in the free book:

Indigestion Dyspepsia Wind
Nausea Diarrhœa Heartburn
Eructations and Constipation.

Dr. Braithwaite says: "A glance at the formula (given in the book) will convince even the most sceptical of the valuable results which must ensue through following this advice."

Write for the free book to-day. Just try and realise what it will mean to you. No more fullness after food—no more wind, spasms, or heartburn. Send no money—the book is free to you. Simply send name and address to the publishers—Lactopeptine Laboratory (Dept. 5 L), 46-47, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Do it to-day, or you may be disappointed. Owing to Government regulations, the supply is limited.

RILEY'S Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. Seven Days' Free Trial. Prices from £4 10s. The "Ri" dining-top Table £6 10s., suitable to instantly go on any 6ft. dining table. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from £15 cash, or in 12 equal monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 5 miles of railway station.
Illustrated Catalogue Free.
E. J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington
London Showrooms, 147, Aldersgate St., E.C.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years.
CHARLES CILEY, Dept. 18, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.
Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

COLD IN THE HEAD

Pain Disappears when

Homocea
BRITISH MADE

Touches

the Spot

FOR INSTANT RELIEF

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

A sample of hundreds of letters we receive.

"I am very grateful for the Homocea. I have found it good for nearly all ills that flesh is heir to. It is greatly beneficial for Colds in the head—a little rubbed in the nostrils and on the bridge of the nose is most effective."

Sergt.-Major Batty,
General Headquarters,
British Army in the Field.

You can get it at all Stores and Chemists.
Price 1/3, or 3/- (large box).

A MAGIC HEALER.

HOMOCEA IS MOST EFFECTIVE

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS must be addressed to the *Editor or Publisher, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

H. B. C. (Kennington), and MANY OTHERS.—Although we are anxious to trace the writers of those two anonymous Hunnish letters, we do not wish to be supplied with the name and address of every Germhun in the country.

"SINBAD" (H.M.S. *Canterbury*).—"For the best advice we'll surely send To 'J. B.'—still, the Sailor's Friend." Another title to add to our Honours List.

E. D. (Finchley Road, N.W.).—Why is it necessary to state year of birth in order to obtain a sugar card? Presumably, to enable the Sugar Controller to judge the condition of your teeth.

W. P. (Regent Street).—Certainly great credit is due to Mr. W. J. D. Roberts, the Quartermaster of No. 1 London Red Cross Detachment, for his gallant conduct upon the occasion of the "fire" at our Printer's. We also take this opportunity of acknowledging the services of the Regular Police, who were the first upon the scene and repeatedly risked their lives to rescue others.

"SAFETY VALVE" (Braintree).—Nobody complains of the genuine engineer, who is a valuable asset and a good man. The complaint is against the dud whose overalls are sheer camouflage.

"ARAN DESTRUCTOR" (Mansfield) says that, on account of food, "trouble is brewing in the underground world." Beer isn't, anyway.

C. B. (Belfast).—Admittedly there is not now so much opportunity for the small shops to profiteer. The wholesalers see to that.

PTE. H. M. F. (Canadians).—Glad you are one of the Canadians willing to give the English credit for having borne more than their fair share of the burden of the war, both on sea and land. Mutual admiration cements friendship.

"NUFF SAID."—Don't be so painfully puritanical. British officers danced at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Why should they not do the same on the eve of——(deleted by Censor).

"A.B.C. LOMONERS" (B.E.F., Egypt).—"Excuse my intrusion, but you are one of us." Yes, we are qualifying as one of the Old Brigade, but One of the Boys all the time.

"THE LIVING STUFF" (Manchester).—Bet there's a strong point to your letter if we could only unearth it. At present we are trying it with chemicals.

Miss E. M. S. C. (Totton).—"Whence comes that strange, soul-stirring sound? I upward look. I hear the music of the spheres." Yes, you heard the pawnbroker's sign rattling in the wind.

A. E. W. (Leicester).—"Construct a gun that could by sun or electricity emit heat waves to explode bombs in aerial craft or scorch their wings." We like that airy unconcern—"Sun or electricity." Any old thing will do. Heat wave or none, yours is a brain wave.

W. A. (Cardiff).—We hope it is only a rumour that the mind of the gloomy Dean is Hun-Ingod.

Mrs. R. (Halifax).—"I can't eat the new bread. Please tell me how to get the white flower?"—By leading a blameless life.

C. E. T. (Cleethorpes).—"Is it true there are 3,000,000 trained soldiers in the United Kingdom?" There may be, but we confess we have not counted quite so many.

H. D. (Mansfield).—"I would like to meet a broad-minded gentleman who could afford to waste his time for seven days if necessary." You must really excuse us. Sisyphus, champion rolling-stone time-waster, would have suited you, but he, we believe, is defunct.

"THE 13TH FLOTILLA."—"When we go ashore for tea we are asked if we have our own sugar, yet if we took sugar ashore we should be severely punished." And you can't pick up any going along!

G. F. (Weymouth).—We wish we could get your wife more than 18s. for seven days' cleaning work in military hospital, but you must remember thousands of V.A.D.s are doing similar work for nothing.

"BEAN FERRERS."—In his Parish Magazine the Vicar prints a long and kindly obituary notice of the late Mr. Hugh Luttrell, a "pronounced Free Thinker." The broad-minded parson merits respect.

"A HAMPSTEAD READER" (London, E.C.).—Give you the lady's address? Certainly not. When a lady writes to us, her address is sacred, even though she may confess to occasional giddiness.

"AN OLD READER" (N.W.).—"What is the matter with the beer shortage?" The shortage. Also the beer.

"KATHLEEN" (Princes Risboro').—You cannot get a rise till you are 18, and you call it "jolly rotten." No, dear; it must be jolly nice to be only 17.

"A DISCHARGED BRITISH SOLDIER" and MANY OTHERS write re our recent suggestion that silver badges should be withdrawn from men who have not served overseas. Naturally, those wounded in France highly applaud our remarks, whilst such as have been discharged after becoming medically unfit on home service do otherwise. What we have said, we have said!

J. W. H. (Northend Place), frothing at the mouth, assures us that when we begin to shoot farmers the shooting will not be all on one side. They'll go for the bull's-eye?

C. S. B. (Jersey) implores us to read Arthur Mee's pumpkin book. If we do, he says, we shall be staggered. Don't want any stagger!

"INQUIRER" (Lincoln).—Our information is that the retailer buys Guinness at 4s. 0d. per dozen. In London he normally sells it at 9d. apiece, and in places at 10d. and 1s. In Dublin it's 2½d.

D. R. (Woolwich).—A man fit and of military age who says he is proud of having shirked, has as good grounds for his pride as the monkey that cranks about with its sky-blue buttocks.

A. D. (Ilkeston) is troubled about the shocking price of onions. He need not worry. Peppermint lozenges "smell" just as far away.

S. C. M. (Dover).—Instead of wasting condensed milk (so badly needed by British babies) on interned Huns, we would provide them with dummy teats and tell them to suck.

G. G. (Bexchurch) says that his son, a farmer, had to sell his ewes at 6d. a head loss. Dear, dear, what a losing war it is!

R. B. (New Lane).—"Why should not the munition girls also be praised for sticking to their work in air-raids?" We take off our hat to them every time.

A. B. (Norwich).—The persecution by landlords of tenants who have obeyed the scriptural behest to increase and multiply places a premium on childlessness. Such landlords, therefore, are enemies of the State, to be treated accordingly.

"DISCHARGED SAILOR" (Ellesmere Port).—We are sorry to hear that the Volunteers refused to fall in with the discharged soldiers and sailors after the Intercession Service at the Parish Church. Let us hope they did not act so from pride, but from consciousness of inferiority.

Mrs. K. C. (Farnham), and D. P. T. (Bristol).—The Stockwell Watch Co. is at the same game. You pay 8s. for a worthless ring and they offer to give you 6d. Give them nothing, except the push.

H. R. and MANY OTHERS.—That shooting party for Epping Forest has brought so many offers to join that one would think the job was to shoot Germans.

J. H. E. (Tottenham).—"How much has the Yapp tomfoolery cost the country?" Just about ten times as much as it has saved—and any amount of impatient irritation.

"WHITE HUSSAR" (Bourton).—"Is it right one man should have four fat pigs and sell his butter, instead of letting workpeople have it?" Perhaps he is the fifth fat one.

J. D. (Leeds).—"Which is the better railway, the L.N.W.R. or Midland?" We used to prefer the Settenbank.

J. W.—Allotment holders under Manchester M.M.U. must not garden on Sundays after 10 a.m.—"time strictly adhered to." Time it was altered. The prigs!

A. W. G. (Tottenham).—There would be fewer German bakers' shops if people would not buy from them.

M. A. B. (Warwickshire).—"I send you a sample of our margarine; our cat won't eat it. What is it?" You failed to send sample (for which we are thankful) and eat.

C. H. H. (Heywood).—Fancy thinking a chain-of-prayer postcard would "be of interest." We burn scores daily, so don't do it again.

J. S. (Roker).—"I hear you have a cottage to let at Falmouth. Let me know rent, as I want a house." Is your upper storey empty?

H. T. (Govan).—"The foremen are all on the look-out for drink or money from the men from Monday till Friday." That is a specimen of Government control.

A. R. (Epsom).—If the Stores refused to sell bacon unless you bought 12 or 14 pounds, we term that "imposing a condition."

"IN ADMIRATION" (Bristol).—Thanks for your friendly letter. We don't remember being talked to so nicely since we sat on mother's lap.

R. J. (Abergrave).—Shocked to hear of the gentlemen who were recently "quite drunk." Would you mind telling us in confidence where they bought the beer?

Terra. H. W. (R.F.A.).—Somehow we think even people in a queue might give way to a soldier on leave and hungry after two years' fighting. And, as a matter of fact, they are legally entitled to the preference.

T. A. D. (Stanstead).—Certainly you care to know how to smoke Zeebrugge," or any German town? You could pass it on to the Government." We would rob no man of his glory. You pass it on.

F. V. (Horncastle).—Blow the flies off.

R. M. H. (Killarney).—"There is a biting sarcasm in your paragraph." You noticed that touch of caustic!

H. C. (Nuneaton).—Any man who wants you to put money into a turf system where he guarantees loss to be impossible, is talking rot, and his guarantee is worth as much as his hot air. And no more.

"A WELL WISHER" (Bradford).—"I have heard men discussing your paper in much the same spirit as they would discuss the latest music-hall star, or the winner of the Derby." Well, if that is not the pinnacle of fame, we should like to know what is.

J. W. K. (Norwich).—"We must learn to love our enemies. . . . We must be kind to them and instruct them." It is hard to say who are our worst enemies—the Huns, or flatulent fools who write sloppy twaddle. Love them? Ah, how we love them—curse them!

"POSTWOMAN" (Creaton).—"When you wrote 'The demons of the Kaiser had done their *fell* work, you meant '*foul* work,' I presume? I leave it to your decision for Printer's Pie." No pie, not even a crumb of war bread. We leave it to the dictionary.

F. W. S. H. (Trefnant).—"I have been following very carefully the drink question." It seems to have led you astray.

CORPL. S. (A.L.I., Wilts).—You ask us to congratulate certain young ladies for having resisted persuasion to join the W.A.A.C.'s, and who "would rather give up their work and starve than forfeit their freedom." On the contrary, we commiserate with them in having failed to seize the opportunity to serve their country in its need.

H. T. G. (Plumstead).—"On a butcher's scales was a wreath, inscribed, 'In loving Memory of Bygone Days.'" Ah! and now we part to meat no more!

S. T. (Regent's Park).—If you were not a funny man you would know we were careful to say no fault lay with Aldeburgh men, but that something was wrong with the Coastguard. Can't you read?

PTE. W. (L'pool).—"At the Buffet Restaurant they charged 4d. for two buns, and 6d. for sandwich, which I could nearly see through. It was a bit too thick." Too thin!

"SPECIAL CONSTABLE" (Bovingdon).—"I feel it my duty to tell Lord Rhondda the names of people hoarding here." Then why the dickens don't you do your duty?

J. B. (Harrow).—Don't be ridic. Might as well try to catch a flea with a pair of fire tongs.

O. I. C. (Bristol).—Rubbish! When candles are out all women are fair.

"MERCHANT SEAMEN" (Middlesbrough).—It is, we believe, the correct thing for sardines to be "well oiled," but a box we bought the week before last were positively "up the pole."

"COMPLAINER" (Worksop).—Plaice is now at controlled maximum price. They won't be able to mulct you of 3s. for a one-pound plaice any more, unless they're seeking trouble.

Many replies are unavoidably held over.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of any instalment, and if any reader can show that cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the facts complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

A Close Shave

— cool and comfortable — is always ensured by the use of

McCLINTON'S Shaving Soaps & Cream

Hibernia, in Sticks or Cakes - - 9d. and 1/-
Exquisite " " - - - - 9d.
Shaving Cream, in Pots or Tubes - 9d and 1/-

McCLINTON'S, LTD.
Dept A.G. 14), Donaghmore, Ireland.

Foster Clark's
Best Substitute for Meat.
2d Soups

PUBLIC NOTICE.
IMPORTANT SALE FOR FIRST TIME.
SUPERIOR
ARMY BOOTS
RELIABLY REPAIRED FOR
CIVILIAN WEAR

Just the boots for Munition Workers, Railwaymen, Police, Postmen, Miners, Dockers, Tram, Bus, Van, Taxi Drivers, Gasworkers, Gardeners, Farm Hands, Working Men.

Cannot be equalled now under 30/- a pair.
PLAIN OR STUDDED OFFERED FOR

12/9

Sizes, 5, 6, 7, 9, 9, 10.

Postage and Packing 9d.

THE BEST AND ONLY ARMY BOOTS SOLD BY POST UNDER GUARANTEED REPAIR SPECIFICATION ENSURING SATISFACTION.

N.B.—Properly repaired Army Boots are the finest obtainable for hard wear, and will outlast two pairs of ordinary working boots—But they must be properly repaired. See below.

PLAIN SOLES—Guaranteed Government Boots used by British Army. Solid leather throughout. Sound, re-softened, re-shaped, leather uppers free from cut or patch, new genuine leather of reliable weight and quality, : : : : clumped soles and heels. New Laces.

STUDDED SOLES Guaranteed Government Boots used by British Army. Solid leather throughout. Sound leather uppers free from cut or patch. New genuine leather of reliable weight and quality, : : : : Clumped Soles, entirely New Studded, New leather heels. New Laces.

Send to-day by post 13/6 for 1 pair (better still secure 2 pairs for 23/-, or 3 pairs for 38/-) before price rises. If you live near call at once and select yours while the unique opportunity lasts.

State size, whether studded or plain soles preferred.

Address: WHOLESALE ARMY BOOT CO., ROOM 89. 43, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON.

Local traders can sell these superior Army Boots with satisfaction to all concerned. Call and inspect or write trade letter-head for trade terms.

HÆMORRHOIDS.
PAIN AND INFLAMMATION DRAWN OUT BY GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT.

This distressing disease is commonly known as "piles," and is extremely prevalent at the present time. Its presence is manifested by a feeling of discomfort, itching, swelling, occasional loss of blood, and in many cases by considerable pain.

We have no hesitation in asserting that there is not a case of Hæmorrhoids which cannot be cured, or relieved, with **Grasshopper Ointment.** One application alone is generally sufficient to draw out the pain and inflammation, allay the itching, and afford considerable relief. We have many letters from persons who suffered for years from Hæmorrhoids, and were cured at last with **Grasshopper Ointment**, and we have many other letters from persons who suffer from very serious cases of Hæmorrhoids, and for which they find **Grasshopper** gives more speedy and certain relief than any other preparation. If you are a sufferer from Hæmorrhoids, just try one application of **Grasshopper Ointment.** This one application will be sufficient to convince you of its efficacy. Its healing properties, and its extraordinary power of drawing out pain and inflammation, make **Grasshopper** a Hæmorrhoids cure of unsurpassed value.

Grasshopper Ointment has been manufactured and sold for more than 50 years, and has many imitators. Please beware of these imitation and substitute preparations. **Grasshopper** is absolutely harmless.

Please do not be persuaded to purchase any of the imitation preparations. Insist on having **Grasshopper Ointment,** and refuse the worthless and frequently harmful substitutes. **Grasshopper Ointment** may be had at Boots, Harrods, Selfridge's, Army and Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Lewis and Burrow's, Heppell's, Parke's, Bishop's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and other Chemists and Stores, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. a box, or direct post free, from D. L. Albert and Co., 73, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

'BULLETS' GREAT EASTER OFFER!

FIRST PRIZE £1000

2ND PRIZE £100

3RD PRIZE £50

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-	100 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 5/-	2,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	7,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.

Closing Date. Thursday, March 14th.

No.____
Example.____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____

(276) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 5 coupons are used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed____
Address____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 273. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Closing Date. Thursday, March 14th

No.____
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____

(276) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
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Signed____
Address____

Closing Date Thursday March 14th.

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Example____
Bullet____
Example____
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Signed____
Address____

Closing Date, Thursday, March 14th.

No.____
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____

(276) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 5 coupons are used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed____
Address____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition, No. 277. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 21st. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 277 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 277, "John Bull" Long Acre London, W.C. 2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Forty-two Examples of the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 277.

AT THE BUTCHER'S	LAUGH AND GROW FAT	OVER WEIGHT	WHEN WE WAKE UP
OUT OF JOINT	EVADING SERVICE	BILL OF FARE	POT LUCK
GIVING TOMMY CREDIT	WHEN QUEUE STARTS	AFTER ALL	HARD TO SATISFY
MOTHER'S BOY	WASHING DAY	UNCONTROLLED	COUNTING DAYS
WHILE YOU WAIT	STANDING THE TEST	BUTTERED TOAST	THE KAISER'S AMBITION

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best translation into the Editor in the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being clever-ness, humour and originality. The right to divide a prize between two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be clearly written on one of the coupons, and only one Bullet may be written on each coupon.

3. All Entry coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to

JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be detached in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 276

GERMANY'S GAME	GOING OVER	ONE THOUSAND POUNDS
WHEN PORK STARTS	A DOG'S LIFE	FRIGHTENS FRITZ
HINDENBURG'S DILEMMA	GETTING USED TO IT	BEGINNING TO TUMBLE
IN RUSSIA	HEIGHT OF FASHION	BEREAVING THE WIFE
NO PEACE UNTIL	GERMAN WAITERS	THINKING FURIOUSLY
ALL HIGHEST	UP IN ARMS	PLEASES THE FLAPPER
BLAMING THE BUTCHER	GETTING THE BULLET	MARRIED MAN
GENERAL ALLEBY	MY WIFE WANTS	WITHOUT A KISS
FINDING HIM OUT	MOST UNEXPECTED	MOST TIRING WHEN
AFTER A MEAL	WHAT MARRIAGE MEANS	SWEET GIRL
MOTHER'S BAG	HARD TO PLEASE	WHEN RETIRING
TAKING YOUNG MAN	MAN IN PARLIAMENT	SECOND TO NONE
GOOD CHEER	WAITING FOR FOOD	MOST DIFFICULT TO
MY MEAT CARD	RUNNING TO-DAY	PUNISHING THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

First choose any of the Forty-two examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—Most Difficult To. Bullet:—Convince Wife Next Morning. Example:—Second To None. Bullet:—The British Navy.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 30th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in Everywoman's dated March 2nd.

RESULT OF 273rd "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Private P. MacDONALD,
283, North Circular Road,
Dublin, Ireland.

Example:—In Berlin.
Bullet:—Butcher Has "Dog's Life."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Miss MARGARET MONTAGUE,
11, Emperor's Gate, London, S.W.7.
Example:—Lovely Woman.
Bullet:—"Much" Seen In Revue.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. A. H. WILSDON,
Eddington,
Oxon.
Example:—Tommy's Sweetheart.
Bullet:—The Winning—Post.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. C. W. Cordwell, 129, Leathwaite Road, Battersea Rise, S.W.:
We All Want—Kaiser "Marooned," Not London.

Mr. W. J. Walshe, 97, Royal Ave., Belfast:
After A Bit—Love, "Back"—The Winners!

Mr. Cyril Ford, Royal Oak, Somerton:
Most Foolish To—Return Now, Prodigal, Thrive.

Mr. F. Gregory, 97, Wellington Rd., Rhyl:
After A Bit—Mother—Father's Denic Hus

Mr. T. Cinnamon, 11, Duke Street, Whitehaven:
After The Wedding Comes End Of "Play."

Mrs. R. Jackson, 219, Newtownards Road, Belfast:
Standing After—Necessary Unless Germany's "Reduced."

Mr. C. H. Savory, c.o. Mrs. Hanson, 37, Marshall Street, Hotbeck, Leeds:
The Contemptibles—"Libel" As "Action" Proved.

Mr. A. McAleer, 7, Tankerville Road, Streatham Common, S.W.:
My Husband—Always On Baker's Lips.

Mr. P. C. Jones, 36, Bedford Road, Newport, Mon.:
The Contemptibles—Employers Refusing Fair Work.

Pte. G. A. Richens, 11256, West Riding Regt., Halifax, Yorks.:
Peace Offers—Not Sent From "Above."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. Francis Everard, 18, Wallace Road, Sheffield:
Tommy's Sweetheart — Wearing Trousers Before Marriage.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. H. Jones, 5, St. Marks Street, Kemp Town, Brighton:
My Husband—Calls Wrinkles "Marriage Lines."

Mrs. A. Newsome, 34, Recreation St., Long Eaton:
Tommy's Sweetheart — Glad He "Came Across."

Mr. W. Allman, 1, Heath Road, Penketh, Warrington:
Getting Into Line—Tommy—Home Before Inspection.

Mr. Walter Bush, 27, Bengal St., Keighley:
In Berlin — One Quality — Any Lowest.

Mr. F. Beal, Top Lodge, "Oakland," Dalton, Huddersfield:
Lovely Woman—Our Factory's "Hands Turned."

Mr. J. W. Barker, 23, Ashdown Rd., Kingston, S.W.:
Common In Hardy—Good Memory No Election.

Miss M. Foreman, 63, Hemstal Road, West Hampstead, N.W.:
Common In Rising—Anything Patriotic Receipt Peace.

Mr. R. Compsey, 70, Maudsley Street, Blackburn:
Peace Offers—Change Colour When Exposed.

Mr. D. G. Thomas, 4, Woodlands, Troedyrhiw, Merthyr Tydfil:
When Government Pays—Politicians Like Ale Taken.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 273 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Splash! —it's all right; it's DICKBALATA

YOU need have no fear of catching cold through getting wet feet, if your boots are soled with *Dickbalata*—a wonderful material, absolutely proof against damp, snow and slush.

In these days of inferior leather and high prices, thousands of men and women are wearing *Dickbalatas*, because they lessen the footwear bill by their great DURABILITY, and help to KEEP YOU IN GOOD HEALTH by protecting against chills, colds and rheumatism so often caused by damp feet.

Send for Free Booklet

R. & J. DICK, Ld.,
111, Cross Street,
London, E.C. 2.

ENGLAND.

LONDON—99, Holborn, E.C. 1.
68, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. 4.
93, Uxbridge Rd., Shepherd's Bush, W.12.
184, Stamford Hill, N. 16.
26, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.
41, Cheapside, E.C. 2.
17, Albion Street, E.C. 2.
131, Fenchurch Street, E.C. 3.
231, High Holborn, W.C. 1.
81, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 2.
111, Bishopsgate, E.C. 2.
CROYDON—132, North End.
DOVER—4, Cannon Street.
SOUTHAMPTON—111, Above Bar.
EASTBOURNE—39, Grove Road.
LEEDS—5, New Station Street.
MANCHESTER—99, Oldham Street.
HULL—17, King Edward Street.
BIRMINGHAM—25, Martineau Street.
BRISTOL—21, High Street.

SCOTLAND.

GLASGOW—153, Argyle Street.
44, Buchanan Street.
12-14, Gallowgate.
21-23, Trongate.
252-254, Crown Street.
553, Duke Street.
31, Eglinton Street.
14, Bridgeton Cross.
552-4, Argyle Street, Anderston Cross.
253, Sauchiehall Street.
47, Morrison Street, Govan.

IRELAND.

BELFAST—22, North Street.
107, Royal Avenue.
160, Newtownards Road.
WATERFORD—14, Broad Street.
ENNISKILLEN—22, Townhall Street
DUNDALK—90, Clanbrassil Street.
DUBLIN—37, Grafton Street.
Do. 41, Mary Street.

SCOTLAND.

GLASGOW—91-93, Paisley Road West.
Do. 409, Springburn Road.
Do. 472, Cathcart Rd., Govanhill.
GREENOCK—22, Cathcart Street.
MOTHERWELL—69, Brandon Street.
EDINBURGH—81-82, Princes Street.
Do. 42, South Bridge.
AYR—114, High Street.
PERTH—76, High Street.
ROTHESAY—44, Montague Street.
INVERNESS—6, Church Street.
PORT-GLASGOW—23, Princes Street.
DUNDEE—77, Murraygate.
HAMILTON—53-55, Quarry Street.
STRANRAER—61, Charlotte Street.
CAMBUSLANG, N.B.—194, Main St.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops and you can breathe easily

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value cheaply Free Trial at once. Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cure prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1/-

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter Asthma Cure Ltd. 80 A, Fillery Lane, London, E.C. Please send a free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

PERFECTION IN PROTECTION.

WRIST WATCH
"Mesh-Guard"

Pat. No.} {105694

BRITISH MADE.
NEAT-ORNAMENTAL-SIMPLE-STRONG-ABSOLUTE PROTECTION. INSIST ON THE

WRIST WATCH
"Mesh-Guard"

In The Little Envelope Showing Officer's Cuff Trade Mark.

Heavily Silver Plated on High-grade Nickel Silver 1/-

ROLLED GOLD or H. M. SILVER 2/6

If unable to obtain, write Mesh-Guard Advt. Dept. 14, Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. 1.

Fine Old Virginia Oval. Cork-tipped.

½ for 20

Also boxes of 50 & 100

For the Pipe
Spinet
1/7 per 2oz Mixture

R. & J. HILL LTD LONDON

SWEAR WORDS.

It cannot be believed that any one ever said, "Give them H—!" It must have been, "Give them nineteen-pence for fourpence," or "It is fatal," or such other inarticulate expression. "An eye for an eye" is good, but "A bosh for Asche" was unfortunate in the application and good food wasted to boot. Now, "A tooth for a tooth" is good, for it suggests O.S. Tooth Block (regd.), "The best and safest dentifrice," price 1/-, British *ab initio*, with no naturalization foolery.

Sold by all Chemists.

CAUTION.—See that "Oscar Sutton & Co." be stamped on every O.S. Tooth Block.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next of kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged, whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop or office, or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during reinstating of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not involving death, but for injuries rendering the injured person unable to attend to his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

To Mr. [illegible] Newsagent.

Please deliver to me [illegible] until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

March 2, 1916.

You must also fill in the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Then your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A Reference Form should be forwarded if any assignment of coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

To be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2

I hereby certify that I have this day placed an order with [illegible] for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and I desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address of Home .....

March 2, 1916.

10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.

Make her a home.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at

£4 14s. 6d.

The home she has set her heart on—a beautiful home of her very own. Come to the "Midland," and make your choice to-day. *She* will be delighted with the beautiful furniture. *You*, as a business man, will appreciate the unrivalled value, the plainly-marked prices, the Ideal Terms.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Money buys more at the Midland

At the "Midland" you get £100,000 worth of splendidly-made furniture to select from. You get 10% per cent. discount for cash; and if you prefer to furnish out of income, under the Ideal Terms, you can get free Fire, Life and Air-raid Insurance. You can choose at your leisure and pay a penny in the shilling, fortnightly.

Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. £8 18s. 6d.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.	Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	0 6 6	£50 -	1 7 6
£20 -	0 11 0	£100 -	2 15 0
£30 -	0 16 6	£200 -	5 10 0
£40 -	1 2 0	£500 -	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL, *who has been associated with the business for 40 years.*

Hours—9 till 7. Sats—9 till 1.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' Fares to town paid on all Orders of £20 and over.

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